

LIFE



Madonna and Child

DECEMBER 25, 1944 **10** CENTS
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HOME, HOME AT LAST...

"This is our future . . .

This is our house . . .

This is the rest of our life . . . the life we'll have together when this war is over, and you're home . . . home, at last.

I can see a blanket of snow on that little roof . . . a garland of pine cones on our front door . . . and peace and stillness and warmth and firelight, and the lovely litter of Christmas on our living room floor.

The perfume of pine is everywhere, and you're sitting there in your red leather chair, smoking a last cigarette by the fire, and I'm curled up on the hassock, my head against your knee . . . when all of a sudden the clock will strike twelve and you'll kiss me and say, 'It's Christmas day . . . Christmas, at last, in our very own house!'

And then, as if in a dream, we'll walk out through the hall, past garlands of laurel festooned on the stairs, past the table with reindeer and bright Christmas balls . . . out to our kitchen, all shiny and new . . .

That will be a fairy tale place!

We'll stand in the doorway and both look our fill . . . at the wonderful electric range with its magical trick of cooking whole dinners even while we're away. . .

And I'll reach out and touch the latch of our roomy, big refrigerator and you'll 'oh and ah' at the turkey and fixings behind gleaming glass. And then I'll show off the pride of my heart . . . our home freezer full of marvelous things . . . frozen chickens, and steak and young, tender greens . . .

Then you'll hold me close without saying a word . . . just listening to what my heart won't stop whispering . . .

Home, our own home . . . at last!"

This is no dream.

We believe your hope for a new and finer home can and will come true.

Here at Kelvinator, when Victory is won, all the new strength, the new skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

That means that Kelvinator will build more

and finer electrical appliances than we have ever built before. It means refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers, and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be . . . it means that the new developments, the scientific advances made in war will be incorporated into these appliances as rapidly as possible to make them the more useful, the more efficient part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.



This booklet with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new post-war kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a postcard to Dept. 4-E, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.

HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely! Though now aircraft engines and propellers roll down Kelvinator assembly lines, the day will come and soon when your Kelvinator dealer will be demonstrating these magical new kitchen appliances for you!

KELVINATOR
of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters, Beverage Coolers, Ice Cream Cabinets, Frozen Food Merchandisers, Commercial Refrigerating Units.

TWO WOMEN WITH CANCER



One Was Wise

Mrs. A. M.: Noticed small lump in breast.
Decided to take no chances. Consulted doctor right away.
Doctor diagnosed tumor of the breast. Advised prompt operation.
Small growth, which proved to be cancerous, successfully removed.
No complications. Patient recovered completely.



One Was Foolish

Mrs. B. L.: Noticed small lump in breast.
Decided it wasn't anything worth bothering about.
Lump steadily increased in size. Pain developed in breast, underarm.
Finally consulted doctor. Doctor diagnosed cancer.
Operation showed nothing could be done as disease had spread too far.

MILLIONS of dollars are put into cancer research each year . . .

Still cancer ranks second only to heart disease as a destroyer of human life.

The most important thing in cancer control is *early* diagnosis. To be followed,

of course, by *early* treatment.

The doctor should be consulted at the first sign of anything suspicious. Most cancers, if only caught soon enough, can be cured.

Failure to pay attention to the danger signals can result in serious trouble.

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This One



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A HEALTHY NATION FIGHTS BEST-SEE YOUR DOCTOR

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HANSON BALDWIN

Sirs:

Congratulations to you and Mr. Hanson Baldwin on "Our Army in Western Europe" (LIFE, Dec. 4). It is one of the most understandable and just articles I have ever read.

SARAH T. SHATTUCK

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sirs:

Seldom has anything so infuriated me as Hanson W. Baldwin's glib assertion that "the next war—when it comes, and come it will—will be even more a war of machines than this one."

What am I supposed to do? Cheer?

LIFE's article deplores the GI's lack of "any great desire to fight" and his "lack of conviction about war aims." Little the wonder that he has no stomach for the fight if it is merely a fight for the sake of a fight itself.

Certainly I should not feel much like fighting if I didn't hope with all my heart that out of this war might come a successful method of preventing future wars so that my 2½-year-old son will not have to go through this same thing when he is my age.

SERVICEMAN'S NAME WITHHELD

Banana River, Fla.

Sirs:

The opinion of GI Joe carries little or no weight in the Army, but I will bet a month's pay that a confidential poll of officers and men, here and overseas, would show a 90% endorsement of Baldwin's criticisms—the other 10% would be "empire-builders."

An especially well-taken point is the lack of conviction, the feeling about Nazis and Nazism that borders on indifference. The army has a so-called orientation program which would be adequate and comprehensive enough if it were fully implemented. But the program has been cold-shouldered, mismanaged.

SERVICEMAN'S NAME WITHHELD

Presque Isle, Maine.

Sirs:

If this will-to-fight factor is so important, why is so little emphasis (one hour per week) placed on it in Army training programs and why is the excellent orientation material furnished by the War Department ignored by the smaller unit commanders except when the "higher-ups" are going to inspect their orientation classes?

OFFICER'S NAME WITHHELD

Fort Bragg, N. C.

Sirs:

Mr. Baldwin mentioned that our soldier is not as eager to fight and does not have as much heart in the war as the German or Jap. Why should he? If our men were as blood-thirsty as our enemies there would be no sense to the war. How could we try to teach the ways of a good democracy if we felt the same way as the fascists or the Jap's imperial empire?

ESTHER LASKY

Maplewood, N. J.

Sirs:

Hanson Baldwin has habitually pulled a long face about our land forces in this war.

The technique goes something like this: the isolated American soldier is put under a magnifying glass. We get a splendid view into each one of his pores. We can also see his dental work real close and any stray hairs that may emerge from his ears. It's a sorry sight, mates.

Here is what General Phil Kearny wrote in 1862 about the American troops, the same ones which, as Mr. Baldwin truthfully states, made the Civil War a bloody, die-hard fight to the finish. "American bravery is equal to the Irish... but rendered more telling by a common instinct that teaches our people where exposure is needless and how to take care of themselves.... Order a regiment to perform the same work (attack) and they will do it just as thoroughly, but in such a manner as to inflict all possible loss upon the enemy, and suffer as little loss as possible themselves."

My hunch is that, had Hanson Baldwin been on the spot at Seven Pines in 1862, he would then as now have been deceived by the matter-of-factness and the lack of tinhorn heroics of the typical American infantryman.

CYRIL J. MULLEN

Bronxville, N. Y.

Sirs:

I'm an ex-paratrooper, saw action in Sicily and Italy. I'm only a private but I thought the Baldwin article was swell, especially the talk about the morale of the fighting man. Rank knocked the morale out of him. I know. I saw it. I got so mad over in Italy that I hated my own officers worse than I hated the Germans. And I hated the Germans bad enough to fight them like hell.

SERVICEMAN'S NAME WITHHELD

Keesler Field, Miss.

Sirs:

Ever since induction into the Army I have wondered what on earth was happening to me and to thousands of others like myself. Many times I have seethed against the very things the article by Mr. Baldwin brings out.

It has not been pleasant to know that the only purpose you were serving was to help some "empire builder" build up an organization large enough so that the necessary grounds for promotion in rank could be obtained.

It is a pity that men are dying every day on the battlefields of the world to protect such treason. It is bad enough to have to observe such acts but when it is admitted to you, it is time to stop.

SERVICEMAN'S NAME WITHHELD

Camp Plauche, La.

Sirs:

Any command weakness due to buck passing and reaching for rank and power can be traced to our starvation of the military establishment between wars. Then it is a case of fighting for survival not only on the part of individual officers but among the various branches and components.

The answer to all this is universal service, greater opportunities for the professional soldier and his amateur associates with a broader education at the foundation—West Point.

OFFICER'S NAME WITHHELD

Montclair, N. J.

THE RHINE

Sirs:

Perhaps history will soon repeat itself when the American flag flies above the Rhine (LIFE, Dec. 4).

This one is over Ehrenbreitstein, a fort opposite Koblenz. I took it while I was a



AMERICAN FLAG ON THE RHINE

member of the American Army of Occupation in April 1919.

WARREN L. BAMPTON

West Park Station, Pa.

THE BOWERY

Sirs:

Never have I read as disgusting and revolting an article in your usually praiseworthy magazine as "Sammy's Bowery Follies" (LIFE, Dec. 4). Certainly there must be more interesting and educational topics than the Bowery and the dregs of humanity that work in it!

ALBERT L. HAMMAN III

St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs:

You are to be congratulated on portraying night life at its worst. If these pictures will turn just one person from plunging into the

"depths" your efforts are very worth-while and you can feel well repaid.

E. GRANT HERR

Supervising Principal

Martinsburg Borough Public Schools
Martinsburg, Pa.

BILLY ARNOLD

Sirs:

As a boxing fan, I heartily approved your story on Billy Arnold. As a boxing writer, and more particularly as director of the Diamond Belt and Middle Atlantic A. A. U. Boxing Championship Tournament, I think it noteworthy that Billy served his ring apprenticeship in the 1943 tournament rather than that "he got into a fight... in Philadelphia's Franklin High School."

Billy is not the only boxing member of the Arnold family. His younger brother Jetson, 17, fought as a sub-novice 126-pounder last winter and won the class championship. Cur-



THE ARNOLD BROTHERS

rently he is campaigning as a 135-pound candidate for top honors in the Diamond Belt Tournament, sponsored by The Philadelphia Inquirer Charities, Inc. Many who have seen the two Arnolds pick Brother Jetson as the better prospect.

JOHN WEBSTER

Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNE HAVER

Sirs:

I want June Haver (LIFE, Dec. 4) for Christmas.

LIEUT. ARNOLD VON DER LOHE

Camp Detrick, Md.

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

Sirs:

In "Mary Margaret McBride" (LIFE, Dec. 4) you stated that a famous movie star admitted that she washed her own face for the first time in 17 years after listening to Mary Margaret's talk on Sweetheart soap. Who is this famous movie star who doesn't wash her face more than once in 17 years?

A/S ALBERT PERLOW

Durham, N. C.



PETROVA

● Olga Petrova, retired stage and screen star (*The White Peacock*, *Daughter of Destiny*, *The Orchid Lady*) who for 17 years had cleansed her face with cold cream.—ED.

JOHNSON & SINATRA REBUTTAL

Sirs:

"That Johnson Guy" is the most wonderful poem I have ever read. Thanks to Doodles Hargrove.

LOVELLA STAFFORD

Rossville, Ga.

Sirs:

I couldn't resist answering in this poem: ... I'm a bobby-socks gal, from head to toe,

I relate sincerely the opus below. ... I've read your little story on Van Johnson's charm and poise.

He's supposedly the drooliest of all the glamour boys.

After peering at him silently, expecting some great treat,

It's back to FRANKIE for this gal, on the up beat.

This Johnson's appeal is all just a hoax, To me he's not the year's best man, but one of its biggest jokes.

MARILYN H. HANSON

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Don't you think it quite ridiculous to compare a redheaded, freckle-faced, flabby monstrosity like Van Johnson to a fascinating, slim, brown-haired, blue-eyed, gorgeous hunk of heaven like our Frank Sinatra?

NORMA BERKOWITZ
MAUREEN HUGHES

Medford, Mass.

C.I.O. CONVENTION

Sirs:

Here along the border near the land of bullfights and mafianas a classic comment is, "Sometime ze man fight ze bool, an' sometime ze bool fight ze man."

While this may be a provincialism, it would not seem so after viewing the photograph of Glass Workers Beard and Lewis—



BEARD & LEWIS

"C. I. O. Holds a Victory Convention" (LIFE, Dec. 4). It appears that "Sometime ze man blow ze glass, an' sometime ze glass blow ze man."

RALPH KEITHLEY

Chula Vista, Calif.

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LIFE
December 25, 1944

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Number 26

Dear Sir:

Since August 1943 I've been on several islands in this area and recently took part in an invasion in New Guinea. Watching AC's guns in action is a thrill I wouldn't have missed for anything. Almost all of the .50's* I've seen here made at AC and there are plenty of them around. The gun is as high with every-one in the Army and is generally thought of as the best all-around gun the Allies have.

A fellow AC worker is in a neighboring outfit here. We enjoy getting together with your letters and the papers you send and talking them over.

A FIGHTING AC EMPLOYEE

NOW WE'RE WORKING FOR HIM

Letters from the front, like this one written in New Guinea, turn war news into flesh-and-blood reality for the men and women of the AC factories. Such letters make them realize, vividly, what wide and effective use is being made of the flood of war products they have been turning out since nine months before Pearl Harbor. Such letters build morale. And high employee morale has been an important factor in the remarkable wartime record AC Spark Plug has achieved... "beating the promise" on many deliveries... cutting the costs on many contracts... contributing to improved quality or manufacturing efficiency in many of the 450 kinds of war products AC has produced.

This splendid co-operation with our fighters has meant more than 225,000 .50 caliber Browning machine guns, more than 16,000 bomb-sights, more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots for bombers. It has produced millions of ceramic aircraft spark plugs, fuel pumps,

oil filters, automotive spark plugs, engine intake silencers, air cleaners, and driving instruments for the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine Corps.

Today, as Victory draws nearer, AC employees are determined that there shall be no let-up in their efforts until the men and women in America's fighting forces have come back home—victorious.

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network



**Back YOUR Fighting Man!
BUY AN EXTRA
WAR BOND THIS MONTH**

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION



GENERAL

MOTORS CORPORATION

LIFE'S REPORTS

ROAD TO MADRID

A LIFE photographer meets some old friends on their way home

by ROBERT CAPA

Perhaps no man has had so many rendezvous with this global war as jaunty LIFE Photographer Robert Capa. He was there in Spain when it all began (LIFE, Dec. 28, 1936 et seq.) and he has been with it ever since: in China, London, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy and France. Last month Photographer Capa, whom Ernie Pyle calls "notorious for his daring," was back once more on the Spanish border among the people he loves most of all. This is Hungarian-born Robert Capa's own story, written in his own singular but vigorous prose, about the Loyalist friends he met on the road back to Madrid.

PARIS
Nearly five years ago I crossed into France at Port Bou with the last brigade of the Spanish Republican Army to leave Spain. It had been for many days confusion on the border. This one brigade, which had earlier defended Madrid, fought and delayed Franco's motorized Italian divisions until the others got across. Then it made its last retreat, crossing the border as if on parade. Each man marched in step, with his rifle on his shoulder and his eyes straight ahead. In the light of smoking torches General Modesto stood and took the salute of his men. As each company passed before him the men turned their heads and shouted, "*Ya, Volveremos!*" ("We are coming back!"). The first stage on the road back was the concentration camp at Argelès, France, and there were many more stages on the long road from Madrid back to Madrid.

In 1943, when I was covering the Tunisian front, I met, in the desert just before Tozeur, five strange figures. They were naked but for shorts and they had long, dust-covered beards, old rifles and a guitar. They were singing flamenco songs. They said they had made a pact when they

joined the Foreign Legion not to shave their beards off before they are crossing the Spanish border. They pointed to their bare knees and said, "We hope they won't reach till here, but we will shave before entering Madrid."

I left these Spaniards in the desert, but when the first American tanks approached the outskirts of St. Malo in France last August I saw six men in blue overalls with FFI brassards following close behind the first tank and taking potshots at snipers. The tank had to stop and I took cover behind it with the six FFIs. It didn't take long to realize that I was with my Spaniards again. The sniping became quite intense and we decided that the circumstances were bad for conversation and, looking for more substantial cover, we found a bar. When we finished our first drink the leader of the platoon looked out in the street and came back and said, "I think the war will last long enough to have one more."

When I told him that I didn't know there were Spaniards in the FFI he told me that in every Maquis outfit in France I will find Spanish Republicans. And later I found this is true.

But then St. Malo was not so important. Paris was about to fall. The day when LeClerc's 2nd Armored Division entered Paris we were held up on the road by the most advanced element of the division who said they had orders not to let anybody but members of the division proceed. I looked at the name painted on the side of the tank and saw it was Teruel. So I said to the sergeant in Spanish that I was allowed to go with a battalion into Teruel, which was one of the biggest victories of the Spanish Republican Army (LIFE, Jan. 24, 1938). He grinned nicely and said, "*Véngate, niño*" ("Come along, little one"). We rode in together into Paris that day, and after he was kissed by hundreds of young French girls he turned back to me and said, "I would still prefer to be kissed by the oldest and ugliest woman in Madrid."

And so in October when I heard rumors that Spaniards from the FFI are crossing back into Spain, I saw possibilities of taking pictures of the oldest and ugliest woman in Madrid. I went first to Toulouse where the Union Nacional Española, which represents exiled Spaniards and the Spanish underground, was holding a three-day meeting. In Toulouse I met many old friends from the civil war. One of them was Leonardo, who was a sergeant in the 1st Brigade which fought in University City on the outskirts of Madrid and who rose to brigade commander by the end of the civil war. Now he is a colonel and he had just received the Croix de Guerre with bar. I asked him why he didn't wear his

decoration and he said he would put it on when he could wear it as a free Spaniard in Spain.

We went down to the Spanish border in the high, snow-capped mountains south of Luchon and there I found out what has happened to the Spaniards who had touched Spanish soil a month ago and gone on.

There were about 400 of them and they had looked down into the Val d'Aran and the temptation was a little too big. So they had gone down into the valley and found that their fight for Free France had made them even more popular in Spain. Many of the young boys of Franco's Falange had joined them and in the villages of the Val d'Aran new Republican governments had been proclaimed. But when they met Franco's army there were too many men and too many mortars and machine guns on the other side and they had to retreat. By the time they got back to the high mountain pass the snow was reaching to their waists. The last ones had frozen feet and the very last ones never got out. They carried back their wounded with them and when they reached the French border the French FFI, by whose side they had been fighting for two years, took away their arms and sent them to a concentration camp in the province of Ariège. This was on the orders of the French government and the FFI had no other choice, but I think it was a little hard on both the FFI and the Spaniards.

In a hospital at Luchon we found some of the survivors. They were well treated by French nuns. Most of them had light wounds and frozen feet and they joked gaily, but from time to time they looked anxiously at a pale young man who was lying with the covers drawn up to his neck. He had been hit by an explosive bullet and they had to amputate his right arm. He was only 24, but he said he had joined the Republican Army in 1936 and had fought three years in Spain. Then he had been in a French concentration camp and then had fought in the Spanish Brigade on the Western Front. After that he hid in Haute Savoie and joined the Maquis there. Six months ago he had come to southern France to fight in the FFI. We asked him why he had gone into the Val d'Aran and how far he thought he could go. He said, without smiling, "To Madrid."

Before I left Toulouse I went to say goodby to Leonardo. I asked him to come to see me in Paris, but he winked and said he had an appointment in the other direction. I winked back and said, "I hope this appointment is not in China." He answered gravely, "*Quién sabe?* The road to Madrid is very long and there are many detours on it."



A FRENCH NUN COMFORTS WOUNDED SPANISH LOYALIST



"VIVA A DEAD FRANCO!" WAS SIGN CAPA SAW AT BORDER

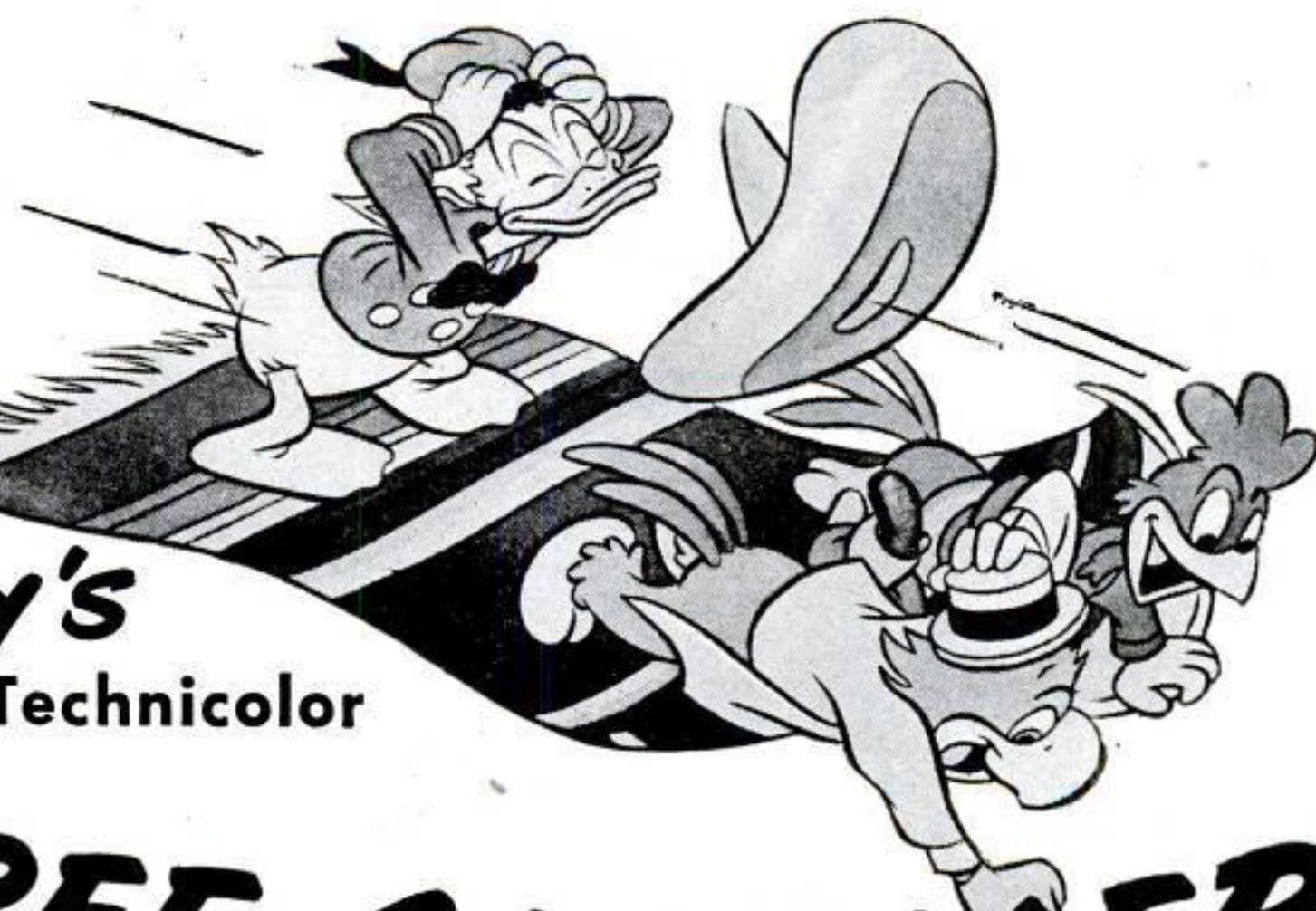


HIS FEET WERE FROZEN DURING RETREAT TO BORDER

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It's new Disney magic—the first time on any screen! "The Three Caballeros" play, sing, dance and romance *in the same scenes* with live and lovely señoritas in the gayest, most colorful settings of the lands south of the border!



Sixteen New Hit Tunes in "THE THREE CABALLEROS"

Among them are these tunes
you're already hearing on the air—

"THE THREE CABALLEROS"
"YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"
"BAIA" (by the composer of "Brazil")



Ask when "THE THREE CABALLEROS" will play at your theatre.

as 'The Three Caballeros'

and, in the flesh,

DONALD DUCK • JOE CARIOCA • PANCHITO

That Romantic
Heartbreaker

That Jiving
Jitterbird

That Cocky
Mexican Casanova

AURORA MIRANDA • DORA LUZ • CARMEN MOLINA

Brazil's Great Singing
and Dancing Star

Mexico's Glamorous
Sweetheart of Song

Dancing Senorita from
South of the Border

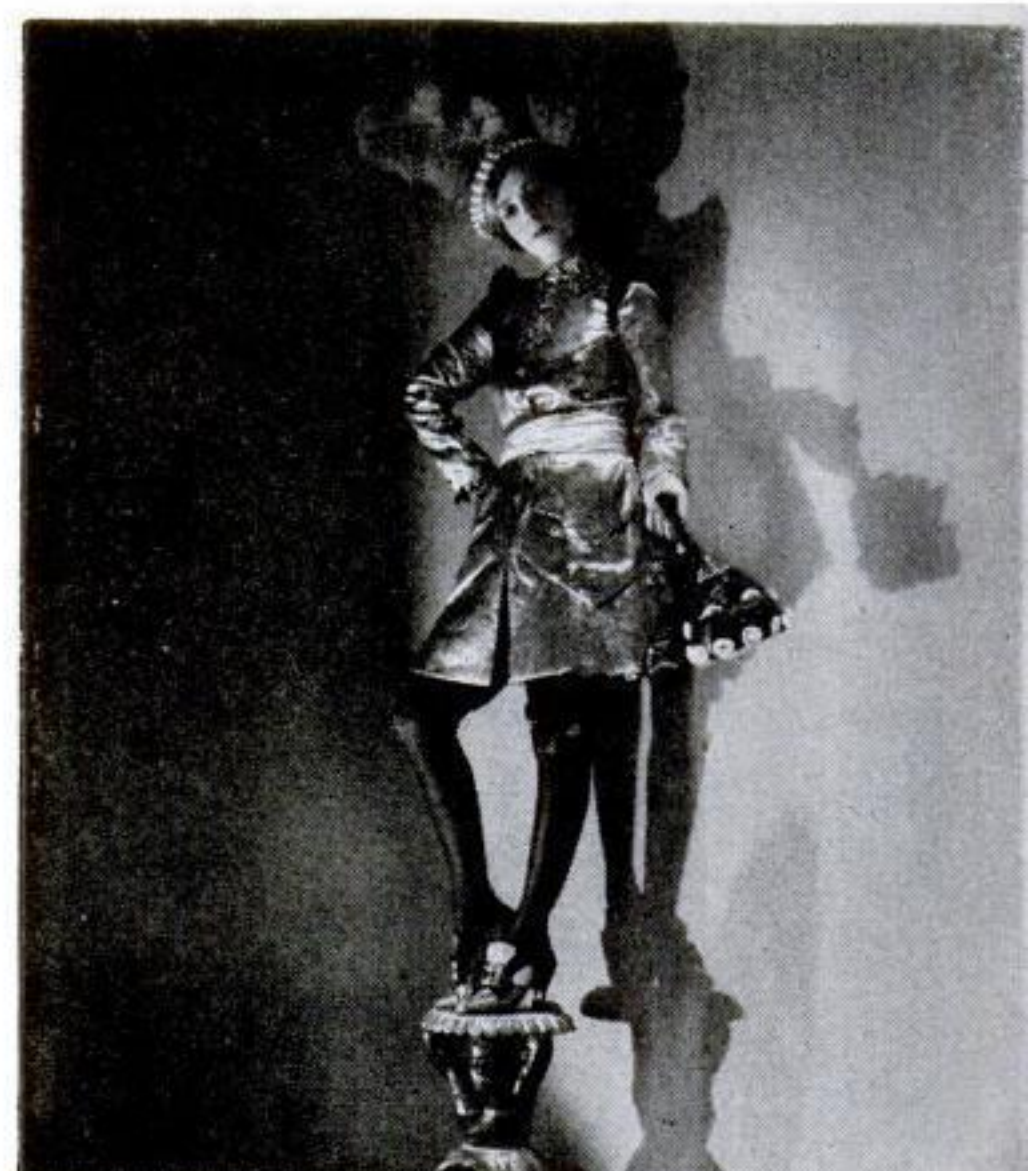
RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... HORST PHOTOGRAPHED SMART SET

For ten years before the war Horst Paul Horst photographed the worlds of fashion and society for *Vogue* magazine, made a fascinating record of chic, gay, personalities of the "International Set." In a new book, *Photographs of a Decade* (J. J. Augustin, \$10), now he publishes his outstanding *Vogue* pictures. It includes the rich and beautiful who made up the fabulous group which flitted from Paris to London to New York, summered at Deauville, wintered at Cannes and Antibes, provided a glittering frame for the persons of the Prince of Wales, Wallis Simpson, Lady Duff Cooper and Noel Coward.

Horst started his career as a *Vogue* photographer in 1930, soon became known as a magnificent portraitist. He developed a sculpturesque three-dimensional technique which is shown dramatically in the picture below. He became a fierce opponent of the traditional fashion photography which used the model as a clotheshorse on which to drape styles. "I felt the person to be most important," he says. Now a technical sergeant with the U. S. Army, Horst wants to cover news events after the war, using the techniques he has learned in the fashion world. "It would revolutionize news reporting," he says.



Schiaparelli, famous fashion designer, was photographed in 1935 in Paris wearing the ornate costume of a Venetian blackamoor for a masquerade party. The wealthy entitled in prewar Paris spent time planning elaborate festivities.



Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel, Parisian perfumer and fashion expert, was photographed by Horst in 1938. She revolutionized fashions by introducing mannish suits for women. She scorned women who paid too much attention to clothes.



Lady Mendl, nee Elsie De Wolfe, famed interior decorator, was photographed in 1941. She is now over 80. She was once commissioned by Edward VIII to redecorate Buckingham Palace in modern style. He abdicated before she started.



Elsa Maxwell was photographed in 1937 in pose often classically used for court beauties. That year was a gala one for party-mad Elsa. She was given expensive party at Waldorf-Astoria by 25 cafe-society glamour boys of the period.



Katharine Cornell, leading actress of American stage, had poor season in 1938 when Horst took her portrait. He found shape of her face made her hard to photograph. In 1937 she had starred in *Candida*, in 1939 came back with big hit, *No Time for Comedy*.



Mary Martin, singing star, became famous in 1938 for song *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* from musical comedy *Leave It to Me*. To take this picture Horst had setting of comedy reproduced in *Vogue* studio, got picture of Mary as she prepared to sing song.



Eve Curie, daughter of Marie Curie who discovered radium, was writing mother's biography in Paris studio in 1938 when Horst took her picture. She was famous in France as music critic and beauty. Book gave her world reputation.



Brenda Duff Frazier Kelly made a sensational debut into society in 1938 and became first "glamour girl." Debutantes since then have tried to equal her tremendous popularity but none received such cooperation from U. S. newspapers, magazines as she did.



Valentina, one of the most glamorous dressmakers in U.S., was photographed in 1940 by Horst in one of her own chic creations. Her own best model, Valentina advertises her clothes by wearing them with great effect at fashionable parties and premieres.



Rita Hayworth had picture taken in 1942 in bed. She had just reached star billing in the picture *Tales of Manhattan*. Hayworth started her movie career as a dark, buxom Spanish beauty but became a slim, 100% American redhead.



Mrs. Harry Hopkins, former Louise Macy, married President's closest adviser in 1942. A brilliant member of New York-Paris international set, she resigned from career as a fashion expert on *Harper's Bazaar* to do war work in overcrowded hospitals.



Marlene Dietrich was placed behind chair in this 1942 Horst portrait so that her handsome legs would not detract from the effectiveness of camera study of her face. She started the slacks-for-women craze in the U.S. in 1937, outraged staid Americans.

1—Want a Quick, Clean, Comfortable shave EVERY TIME? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



2—Want a Face so COOL you need no After-Shave Lotion? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

3—Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



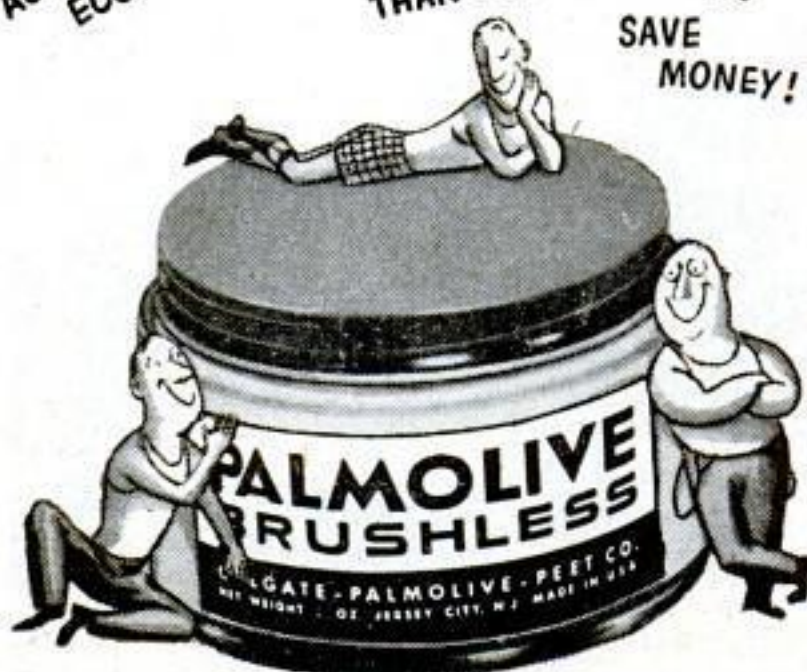
4—Want a shave that allows no Biting, no Stinging, no RAZOR BURN—even with Tender Skin? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

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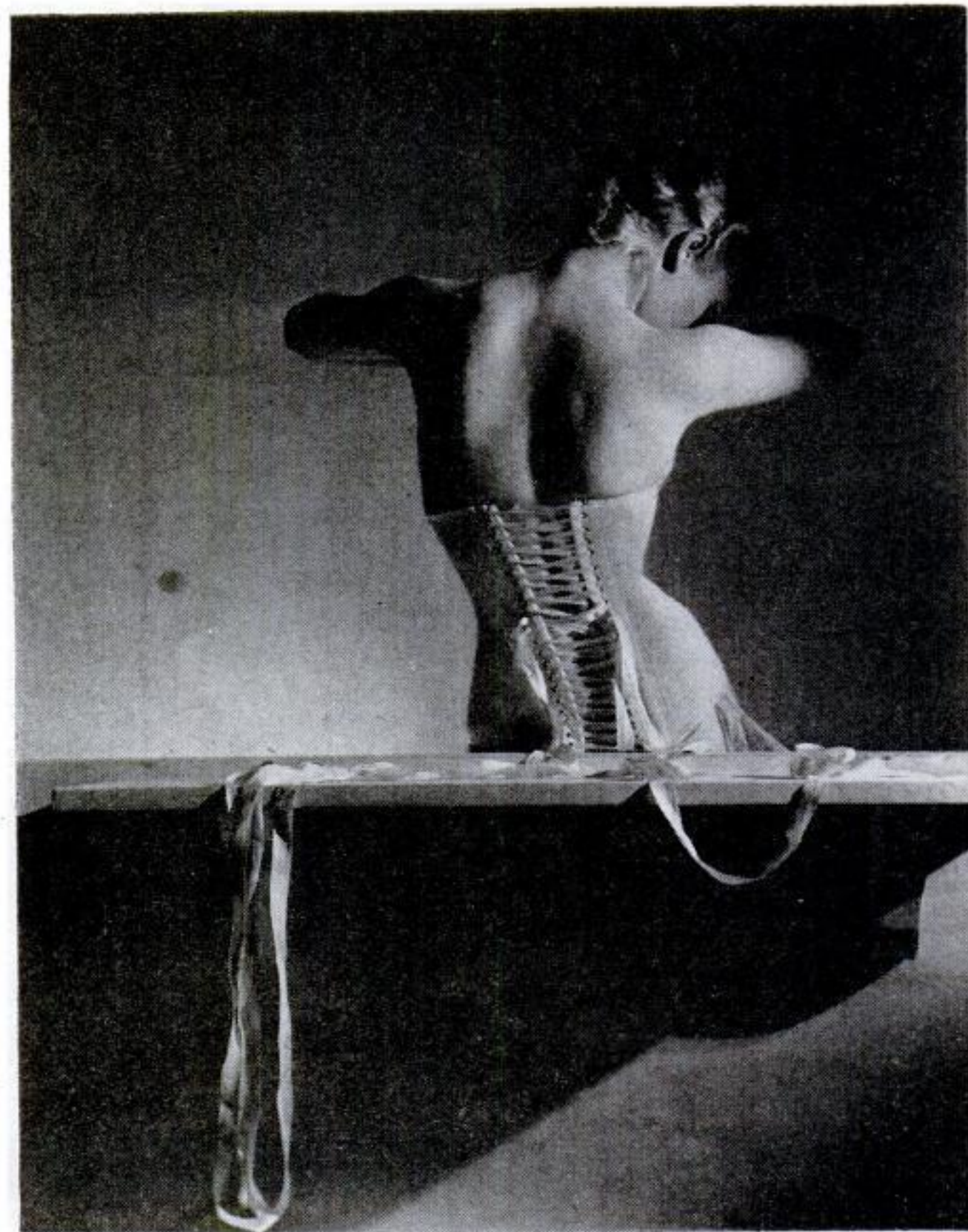
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



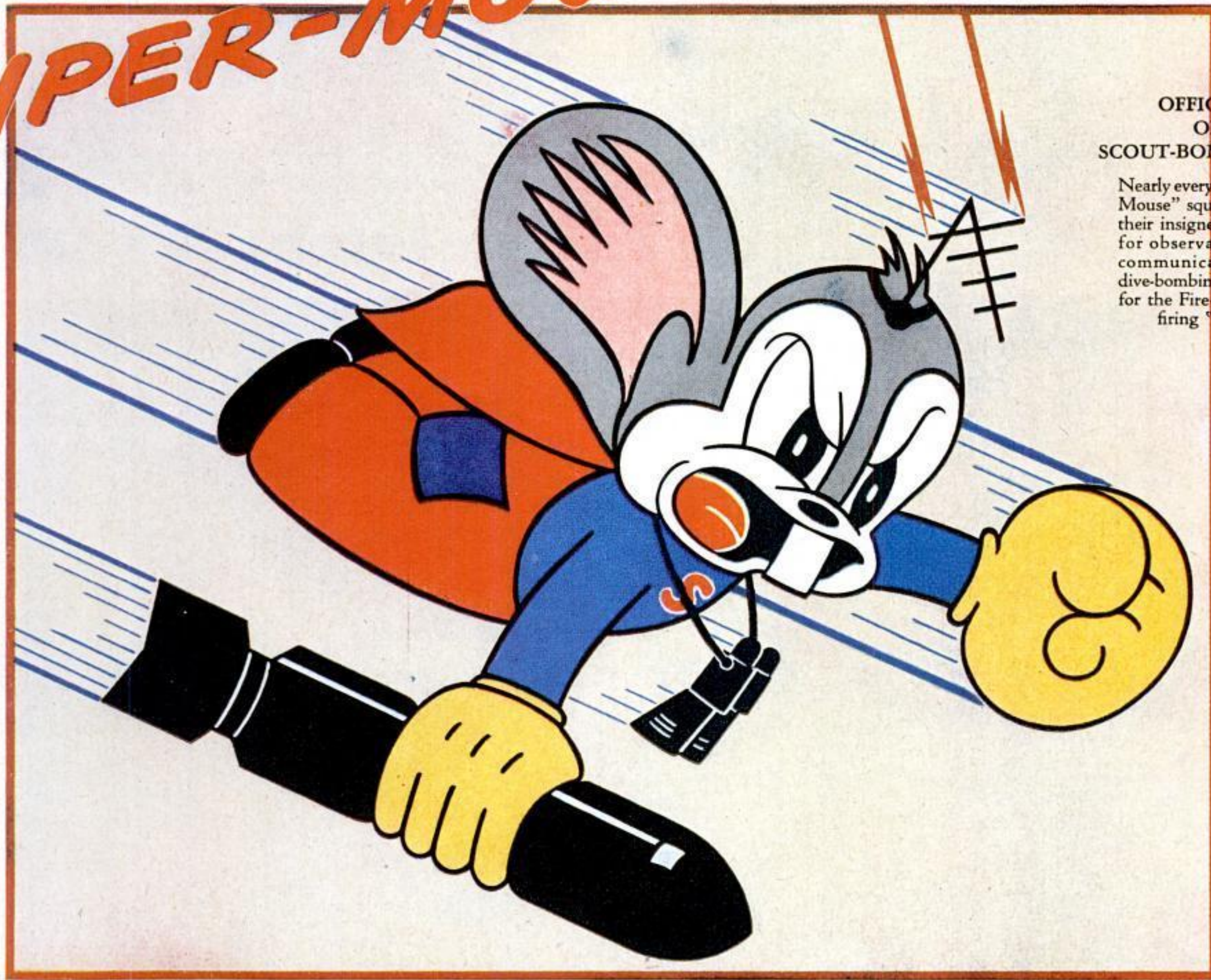
Influence of surrealist painters on Horst is shown by this study in mood for *Vogue* beauty page. A skilful photographer of fashionable clothes, Horst also takes excellent pictures of unclothed figures. He achieved this effect by montage process. "Pictures like this lie deep in the subconscious," says Horst. "Ask a psychoanalyst."



Horst's last picture taken in prewar Paris was of the famous Mainbocher corset which shared 1939 headlines with the Nazi invasion of Poland. Corseted figures are notoriously hard to photograph but Horst managed to give it a look of real style and beauty. That year U. S. women spent \$105,000,000 on corsets and brassieres.

"SUPER-MOUSE"

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OFFICIAL INSIGNE OF A NAVY SCOUT-BOMBING SQUADRON

Nearly every function of the "Super-Mouse" squadron is represented in their insignie. The binoculars stand for observation, the antenna for communications, the bomb for dive-bombing, and the boxing gloves for the Fire-Power of their cannon-firing "Helldiver" planes.

There's an air of tenseness in the carrier's "ready room." A group of young men sitting around...eager...excited...waiting for battle. Suddenly one of them breaks the nervous silence. "What are we waiting for?" he asks impatiently. "Are we men or are we mice?" Then, after a pause, "If not men, at least we're super-mice!" Thus, amidst a peal of typically American laughter, a squadron name is born... an idea for a squadron insignie is created. Soon after, the call for action comes, and the men of the newly christened "Super-Mouse" squadron rush for their planes, determined to prove that they're super-fliers as well... worthy of every fighting tradition of the U. S. Navy!



TUCKED in each wing of the Helldiver planes flown by this and other Navy squadrons are 20 mm. automatic cannon that deliver a smashing blow with every hit. They're the same type cannon as used in the Army's famous "Lightning," "Black Widow," and "Midnight Mauler" fighter planes, and in many "Mustangs" and "Havocs" and all B-29 "Super Fortresses." Oldsmobile started building them months before "Pearl Harbor," has delivered tens of thousands to the Fighting Forces. Oldsmobile assignments have also included 37 mm. aerial

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LIFE'S COVER

The painting of the Madonna and Child on the cover by Lauren Ford is reproduced in approximately the size of the original. It was inspired by the 16th Century Flemish master, Gerard David, whose *Enthroned Madonna* altarpiece hangs in the Louvre. As she usually does, Miss Ford has painted the likeness of someone she knows into the figure—in this case, Mme. Genevieve Fauconier with whom she used to stay on her trips to France. Starting on page 32 of this Christmas issue LIFE presents a portfolio of 11 religious paintings by Miss Ford.

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December 25, 1944

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LIFE'S PICTURES

W. Eugene Smith has accompanied U. S. troops invading Saipan, Guam and Leyte, where he took pictures of the wounded in a Filipino church (pages 13-17). The war on Leyte has cost the lives of three correspondents, one photographer. During his work on the islands Smith was shot through the trouser leg, his belt was shot off, bouts of fever made him lose 35 pounds. He lost one camera at Leyte and for the first two weeks used another on which he had made a vital repair with a rubber band.

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United States Rubber Company scientists had worked for years with fabrics of many kinds to make tires lighter and stronger. Using rayon, they found that they could build stronger, safer airplane tires. Going further, they found tires made with nylon weighed even less and could take a greater landing impact—up to 50%—without any increase in size.

This is another story of how our laboratories have placed themselves at the command of the leaders of our armed forces to serve through science.



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DECK TEST—Actual service tests, carefully supervised by Navy engineers, show how the product stands up in service. On tests like this, U. S. Royal Airplane Tires—and tires of all other suppliers—must prove their ability to stand up.



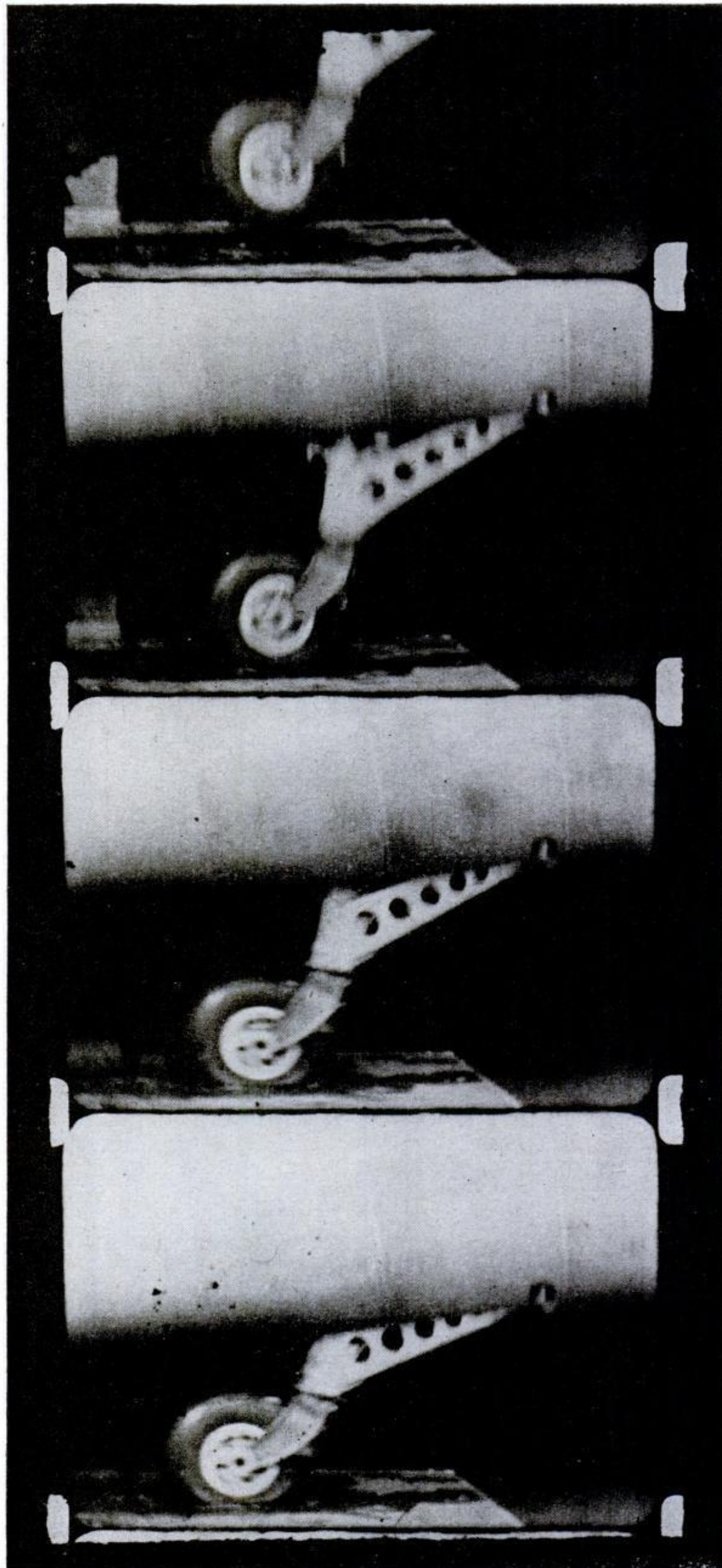
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DROP TEST—At one of the test laboratories of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, landing wheels and tires are "drop tested" on a rig like this. Here a set of landing wheels is mounted on the rig and dropped under full load simulating landing impact.

BATTLE TEST—The toughest test of all is the battle test where the most extreme conditions must be met, where loads are heavy and speeds are high. It is here that all tests pay off in the creed of our Fighting Forces—"never to waste a life".



This is an official Navy Photo from the Navy Engineering Laboratory, (unretouched). Under full load, the tail wheel tire of a plane strikes the landing strip and squashes almost flat under the impact. The old tires simply couldn't take it.



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IN THEIR CHURCH WHICH HAS BECOME HOSPITAL, BAREFOOT FILIPINO WOMEN WORSHIP ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE EXPRESSIONLESS MASK OF A BURNED AMERICAN OFFICER

HOSPITAL ON LEYTE

On Leyte there is a thick-walled church where the people came for protection when the battle passed through their village. After the Americans drove out the Japanese, the soldiers dug foxholes in the town square in front of the church. When Americans were killed they were buried alongside the church.

While the fighting went on, an Army evacuation hospital was set up in the church. Cots for the wounded were lined in rows as far as the altar rail. In the baptistry the surgeons put up their operating tables. The wounded groaned a little, but mostly they lay quiet and stared at the church's pale blue ceiling.

The first Saturday after the battle a black-robed Filipino priest came to the Americans and asked to be allowed to ring the church bells. The Japanese had forbidden their ringing for three years. At the sound of the bells the people came to the church to mourn and pray and to help in the hospital.

The dusty lines of trucks outside the church often reminded the Americans and Filipinos that the battle was going ahead in other places. Last week they heard of a great new push even beyond Leyte. General MacArthur's men had landed on Mindoro in another step of the long and bitter fight to reach Manila.



Army Nurse Florence Vehmeier stands outside her hospital-church which was built by Spaniards in the 18th Century.



In the quiet interior of the church an Army doctor and a nurse drain bottles of glucose and blood plasma into the veins of a wounded soldier. The nurse is Captain Catherine Acorn, one of the few Americans who escaped from the siege of Bataan and Corregidor.



Two generals stop on their inspection tour to watch a nurse dress a wounded man's arm. At the left is Major General Richard J. Marshall, who was deputy chief of staff on Bataan and is now deputy chief of staff of General MacArthur's GHQ in the Philippines. At the right is Major General C. P. Stivers.



A young Filipino girl rubs the back of a soldier who has been badly burned on the head and shoulders and arms. When a priest first rang the church bells, hundreds of Filipinos came out of hiding places around the village and almost shyly asked to help in hospital.

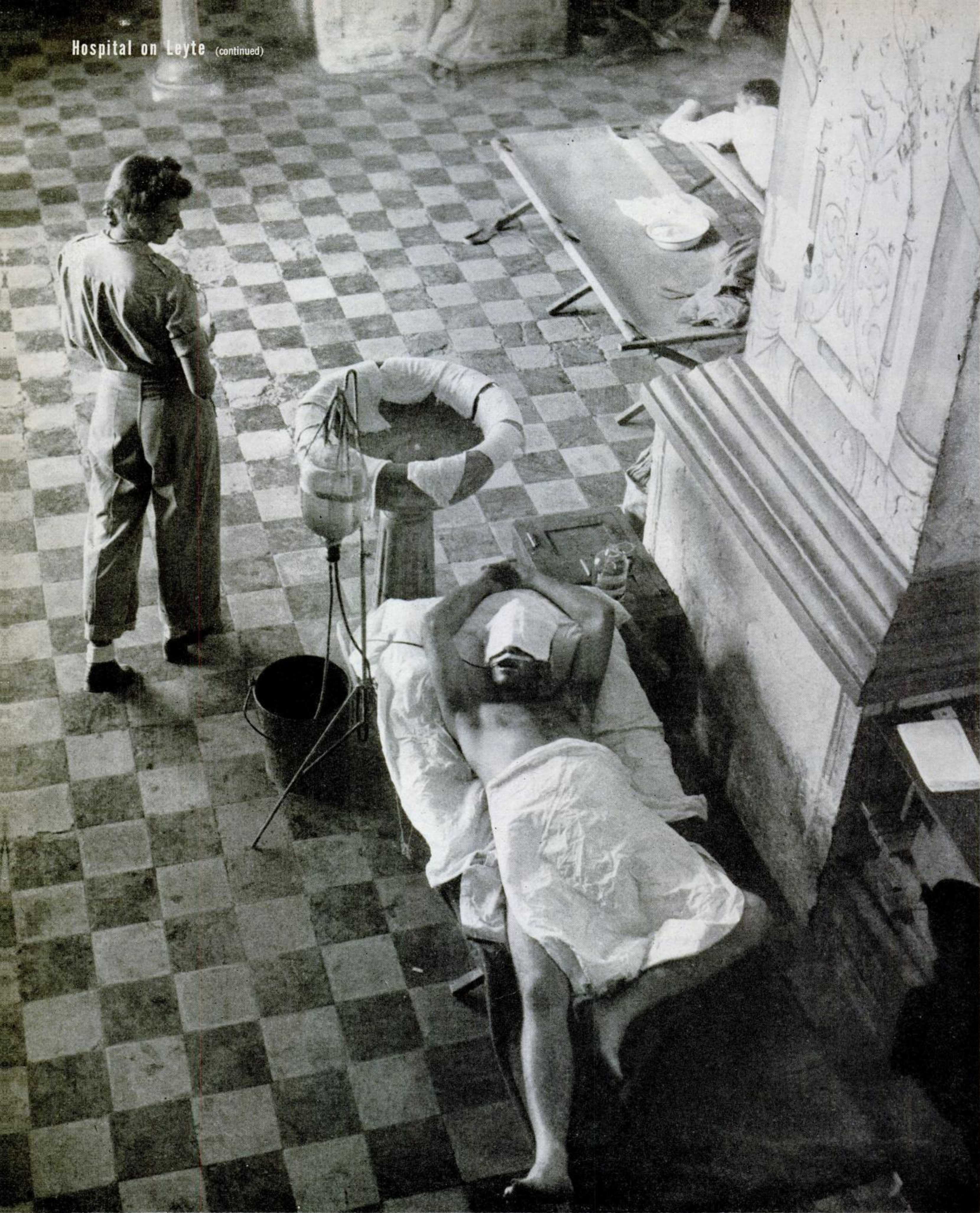


A grave soldier sits quietly on his cot next to ornate church confessional while the doctors and nurses care for men who have been more seriously hurt. The stucco wall behind him has begun to crumble in the tropical damp. In other parts of the church big religious paintings are hung to hide the cracks.



In the hospital operating room three sweating doctors work silently in the gloom to remove a four-ounce piece of Japanese steel from the back of a wounded man. Their portable tables and battery-operated lights have been set up in the baptistry, a small, dark room which adjoins the

church's lofty nave. At the left of the table is the chief surgeon, facing him the assistant surgeon. In the background an anesthetist watches. The wounded man, like many of the patients in the hospital, was hit by Japanese bomb fragments in an air raid on the Leyte supply beach.



Walking across the floor of the church, Nurse Florence Vehmeier looks down to see if one of her patients is comfortable. The wounded man, who is suffering quietly on his back, has

been shot in the stomach. Taped across his upper lip is a rubber tube which drains his stomach through his nose. By means of the siphon arrangement at the left, the tube is drained into

a bucket on the floor. Over the wounded man's face is a damp cloth to cool his fever. Other cloths have been set out neatly on the holy-water font which stands at the head of the cot.



Chaplain's Assistant Lew Ayres tapes the wounds of a Japanese prisoner in a hospital tent outside the church. Ayres is remembered now as the actor, once Ginger Rogers' husband,

who played Dr. Kildare in the movies and became the most famous conscientious objector. Since February 1944 he has been serving quietly in Pacific field hospitals, has acquired a

mustache and gray hair. Without having any special job, he is serious and helpful and friendly with everyone he meets. Everybody, including the Filipino children, calls him "Lew."

A CHRISTMAS FABLE

Now when the birthday of Jesus Christ came to be celebrated in America in the days of President Roosevelt, there lived in that country a simple man named Arthur, who believed that Christmas should be a time of joy. For had not a Redeemer been sent to bring men peace and goodwill, and to save them from their sins?

But when he looked at his fellow men and measured the joy among them, Arthur could not honestly say that it was much, nor that that little came from Jesus Christ. For many years the bringer of joy had instead been Santa Claus; upon this minor saint men counted for such friendly feelings as they could summon for each other. Or so it seemed to Arthur.

To be sure, Santa Claus was credited with doing a conscientious job. Ever since the dramatic conversion of old Scrooge a hundred years before, miserliness had been going out of fashion. Hearty office parties were now a Christmas commonplace. Since the new tax laws and the invention of reindeer (the "photoelectric antler"), Santa Claus, always quick to expand, had increased his calls per route-hour by 400%. Yes, the Spirit of Giving had kept abreast of the times.

But while Christmas grew noisier and more opulent every year, Arthur could not find that it grew more merry. Rather the contrary. There was a hollow ring in the annual blast from the North Pole, a hollowness which had never marked the quieter tidings from Bethlehem. So, in the year 1944, Arthur was troubled. Though a simple man himself, he had two brothers who had risen in the world and knew its secrets. He therefore set out to consult them and learn if he could why Christmas was no longer a time of joy.

"It's as plain as the nose on your face," said the first brother. A large, eupeptic, apple-cheeked man, he had just been made chairman of the United Nations Conference on Happiness and other Satisfactions (UNCHOS). He received Arthur in a big office whose walls were covered with charts. "Excuse me for being short with you, but we're working 18 hours a day down here, trying to win the peace. Some people haven't even learned the first lesson of the war. Just think; we're producing three times what we did in 1940, everybody living better, no unemployed, yet half our output going up in smoke. There will be plenty for everybody if we just have the wits we were born with. You've heard talk of a six-hour day. Logical and inevitable. Do you know who first proposed a six-hour day? Sir Thomas More in the 16th Century, and he called his plan *Utopia*. Hell, *Utopia* is right around the corner."

"I suppose Santa Claus's operation could be called a sort of part-time *Utopia*," began Arthur.

"Santa Claus is a hopeless incompetent,"

said the apple-cheeked brother, "sits up there alone doing nothing 11 months a year, while kids in our own South, let alone China and such countries, grow up with pellagra because they can't get a subsistence diet. We've got to take that obsolete, haphazard Santa Claus operation over, make it a year-round thing, let everybody share in its output as a matter of right. And don't call me a dreamer; the common man is wise to the fact that I'm not. Surely you're not scared of the Age of Plenty?"

"Not at all," said Arthur, "the more the plentier. But my question was about happiness. Isn't that your business, too?"

His brother gave Arthur a sidelong glance. "Some people think UNCHOS is a bit of a misnomer," he replied slowly. "We materialists had a stiff argument about it in a party caucus. Perhaps 'happiness' is too big a word for what we're trying to do. But as the fellow said about money, if it can't bring happiness, it sure can drive away pain. That's what we can do—drive out hunger, misery, disease."

"It's noble work," said Arthur, "it must keep you happy, by the way."

"Hardly time to think about that yet," replied his brother. "You've no idea how much ignorance and superstition must be cleared away first. Your man Santa Claus, for instance. Matter of fact, we're so busy I can't get home for Christmas this year."

Arthur's other brother was the president of Common Sense University, beloved by the trustees for his worldly wisdom; a lean, kindly man. "Arthur, don't you see that your question is impertinent?" he frowned. "I don't mean impertinent to me, of course, although I have three boys in the service. I mean you are impertinent to half a million dead and wounded young Americans and to the bitter fact of war. You remember my youngest, Ralph. He's with an ack-ack battery somewhere in Lorraine. If the Star of Bethlehem appeared over those skies tonight, they would let fly with everything they have, on the assumption that V-3 had arrived. Do you know he was fined recently for speaking kindly to a German girl? 'Fraternalizing.' And this ban will not be lifted even on Christmas Day. What would Jesus think of that? What can Ralph think of it?"

"Yet you come babbling about happiness and glad tidings. How can you ask our soldiers, or me, or any civilized person to be happy under these circumstances? Let us first finish this grisly slaughter, bring our boys home, and bind their wounds and our enemies' wounds. Time enough for redemption when we have washed our hands of blood."

Arthur felt foolish and said so. He added lamely, "I guess tragedy is out of Santa Claus's line."

"Oh, Santa's all right," said the lean sage. "One of the few decent myths we have left."

I don't ask that men should become angels overnight. Our job is to regain a barely human level of behavior. Again, take the Army. You've probably heard that there are no atheists in foxholes. Bunk. I know those boys and I've talked to their chaplains. They are hardheaded, skeptical. All they ask is a chance to be decent. They want to finish the job, come home, marry, raise kids, lead normal, decent lives. And they don't want any more war. Our job is to see to that. If we fail them this time . . ."

"If we succeed, will they be happier at Christmas?" put in Arthur.

"That will be their problem. They could hardly be unhappier than they are now. Peace! Isn't that what Jesus promised? Peace is the absence of war. Arthur, why in humanity's name can't you be satisfied with that for a while? Be humble. Instead of taking moonstruck surveys, go home and work on one of those isolationist senators of yours who are already starting the next war by opposing Dumbarton Oaks."

Arthur was silenced, for he knew his brother was wise. And had not Jesus said that the peacemakers would be called the Children of God? Surely it was ungenerous to doubt that Secretary Stettinius was one of those. Abashed but not happy, Arthur went home. There was so much to do, just to free mankind from war and want and pain!

Near his home his 6-year-old child ran toward him, laughing with joy.

"Why are you happy, son?"

"Because tomorrow is Christmas, and there will be new things in my room," said the boy.

"Have you so much faith in Santa Claus, then?"

The boy laughed. "There is no such person. But you will bring them, daddy. I have faith in you."

The man who believed Christmas should be joyful sat in rueful thought. He took down his Bible and read the Sermon on the Mount. And he read,

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" And he read, "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh shall findeth."

Then he knew that there would never be great happiness at Christmas in the world any more, until men should have faith in One higher than themselves, as their children had faith. And until that time Christmas would be known as a children's season. For without faith in God, men could not have utter faith in themselves or in their work. But the simple man also knew that when the time of faith came again, there would be more faith also in the peacemakers and more relish in tomorrow and all new things, and more reason for death, even for old deaths in battles long ago.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

For Dutch children this year the prospects of an appearance of Sint Nicolaas on Dec. 6 eve were not good. Normally on that date the Dutch Santa

Claus comes on a white charger and swoops down chimneys to get straw children leave in their shoes. To the rescue this year came British troops dressed

up as Nick and Black Peter, who picks out bad children. Nick filled the good children up with chocolate and Black Peter found no bad children at all.

A British soldier plays old Sint Nicolaas,
Dutch Santa Claus, for Holland's Children





An angry crowd swarms around the first two victims of Athens police, a man and woman shot down on University Street while taking part in an antigovernment demonstration.



Demonstrators disperse, leaving dead and others lying prone to escape fire at University Street and Constitution Square. Kneeling policeman fires as they flee. KKE sign marks Communist headquarters.

CIVIL WAR BREAKS OUT IN GREECE

Blood flows in ancient streets of Athens as Greek fights Greek

In these pictures LIFE Photographer Dmitri Kessel has recorded a story whose roots are in the basic antipathy—and the struggle for power—between European peoples who have suffered under German occupation and past leaders who can now return from exile. In Greece this struggle flared out of hand on Dec. 3 after Greek police of the British-sponsored, pro-royalist Papandreou government fired on leftist and Communist demonstrators who were protesting an order to disarm and disband the ELAS resistance army. Kessel, who witnessed the shooting, said police fired without provocation. Justified or not, their action precipitated open civil war. The dilemma was sharp. These were the people who had fought with arms to make Greece free. Yet democracy could not function freely in the presence of an armed, militant minority.

Sparked by the killings, ELAS forces fought with British troops and the pro-royalist Greek brigade brought from Italy. Spitfires strafed streets and mortar shells left new scars on ancient shrines of beauty. After three weeks of violence British Field Marshal Alexander and Harold Macmillan, Britain's Mediterranean resident minister, arrived for conferences. Hopes rose for compromise agreement based on temporary rule by a regency under Archbishop Damaskinos.

In London Prime Minister Winston Churchill, although given a vote of confidence on his war record, suffered renewed attacks from British left for his championship of once-exiled Greek conservatives. And as sphere-of-influence politics took another tack, his warrior's jaw was turned to blows from British right for abandoning the anti-Soviet Polish government-in-exile.

Flattened by death, this demonstrator was one of 23 Greeks killed during three attempts by leftist demonstrators to march down the street. Shortly thereafter tanks appeared.



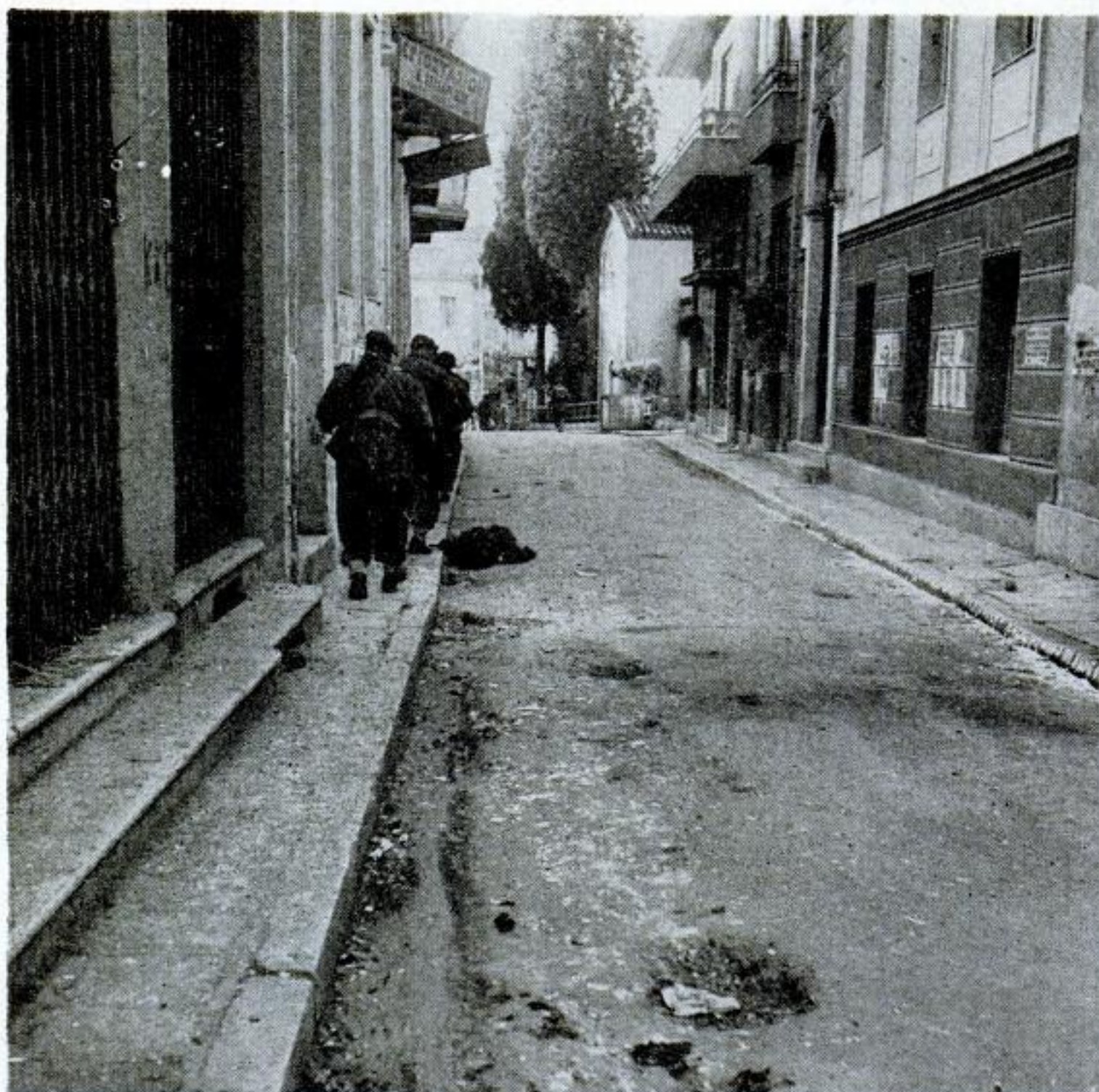
Bloody spot where one of the demonstrators fell is marked by cross and chrysanthemums. The blood of those killed was quickly scooped up and painted on new placards calling for an end to "tyranny."





Homemade U.S. flag was one of many U.S. and British flags demonstrators carried along with their banners. They were used later to cover dead bodies in the street. Photographer Kessel

said that during the excitement and shooting, "Two British officers came along the street receiving a tremendous ovation from the crowd which was still shouting, 'Roosevelt! Roosevelt!'"



British paratroopers, later reinforced by Greek Mountain Brigade from Italy, move past a body in the gutter on way to attack KKE headquarters. Planes were also being used against ELAS.



ELAS sniper, surrounded by interested but nonchalant bystanders, is firing at Greek rightists and hated gendarmes. As fighting spread, snipers were driven from downtown business section.



Blood of dead was used to letter this sign which was carried through streets on Dec. 4 in funeral march for casualties on University Street. By then open warfare for control of city was getting

under way although thousands marched in parade. A translation of sign is, "When the people find themselves before the danger of tyranny, they choose either change or the arms of EAM."

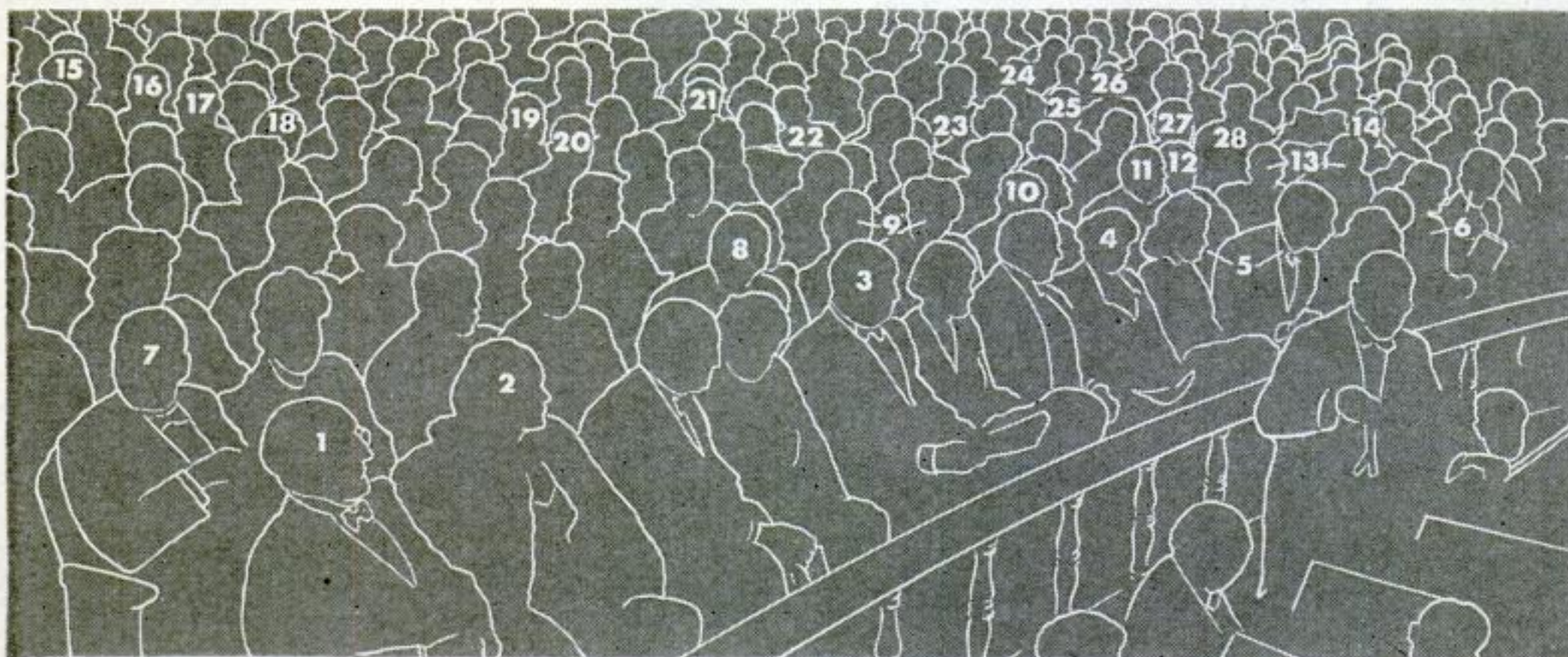


Columns of Temple of Zeus, heritage from Hadrian and one of Athens' great art treasures, rise into the sky above funeral cortege of demonstrators killed in University Street demonstration.

Marchers stopped en route, placed a wreath at tomb of Unknown Soldier. Burial was in First Cemetery on Ardetos Hill, near caves where Emperor Hadrian kept wild beasts for circuses.



BROADWAY'S DRESSIEST AUDIENCE IN THREE YEARS SITS EXPECTANTLY IN 524 SEATS WHILE MAURICE ABRAVANEL LEADS THE OVERTURE. MILITARY UNIFORMS WERE NOTABLY



- | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Jules Brulatour | 8. Jack Donohue | 15. Alfred Hitchcock | 22. George S. Kaufman |
| 2. Hope Hampton | 9. The Bob Considines | 16. Pat Hitchcock | 23. Elsa Maxwell |
| 3. James A. Farley | 10. Gilbert Miller | 17. The Bennett Cerfs | 24. Wolcott Gibbs* |
| 4. Mrs. James A. Farley | 11. Sherman Billingsley | 18. Moss Hart | 25. Lewis Nichols* |
| 5. The Robert Sherwoods | 12. Steve Hannagan | 19. Ben Hecht | 26. Louis Kronenberger* |
| 6. The Wm. R. Stewarts | 13. The Max Gordons | 20. Herman Sartorius | 27. Lucius Beebe |
| 7. Messmore Kendall | 14. Louis Sobol | 21. Oscar Hammerstein | 28. Ward Morehouse* |



Mr. and Mrs. Billy Rose attend the "little supper" Elsa Maxwell gave for Songwriter Cole Porter after the opening.

*Drama Critic

BILLY ROSE HAS A BIG FIRST NIGHT

Glittering audience sees "Seven Lively Arts"

The opening of Billy Rose's revue, *Seven Lively Arts*, in New York City on Dec. 7 was the most glamorous premiere since the war began and the apotheosis of the Manhattan phenomenon known as the first night. A theater full of dressed-up people, including theater lovers who came to see the show and show-offs who came to be seen and see whom they could see, paid up to \$24 a seat to attend. Billy Rose had spared no expense. To house his show, he had reconverted the Ziegfeld Theatre from a movie house. To put it on, he had hired Performers Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Benny Goodman and Alicia Markova; Writers Ben Hecht, George Kaufman and Moss Hart; Composers Igor Stravinsky and Cole Porter; Director Hassard Short.

But with the exception of the wonderful Bea Lillie, the audience on the first night proved more interesting than the show. Its members crowded into lounges to drink champagne provided free by Billy Rose. They shoved up and down aisles, waving and squealing at each other. After the show their inner circle moved to the Waldorf-Astoria where Elsa Maxwell gave a party for Cole Porter, a custom she observes after openings of all his shows.



ABSENT. SOME OF THE CELEBRITIES SHOWN HERE ARE IDENTIFIED IN DIAGRAM BELOW AT LEFT



IN LOUNGE ALFRED HITCHCOCK SIPPS CHAMPAGNE AND STUDIES DALI PAINTING



Cole Porter chats with Mrs. Lytle Hull at Waldorf-Astoria party while hostess Elsa Maxwell leans over his shoulder.



Herbert Bayard Swope, the New York racing commission chairman, sits with first-nighter Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart.



Colonel Serge Obolensky, who gave up title of a Russian prince when he became an American citizen, sits with Grace Moore.



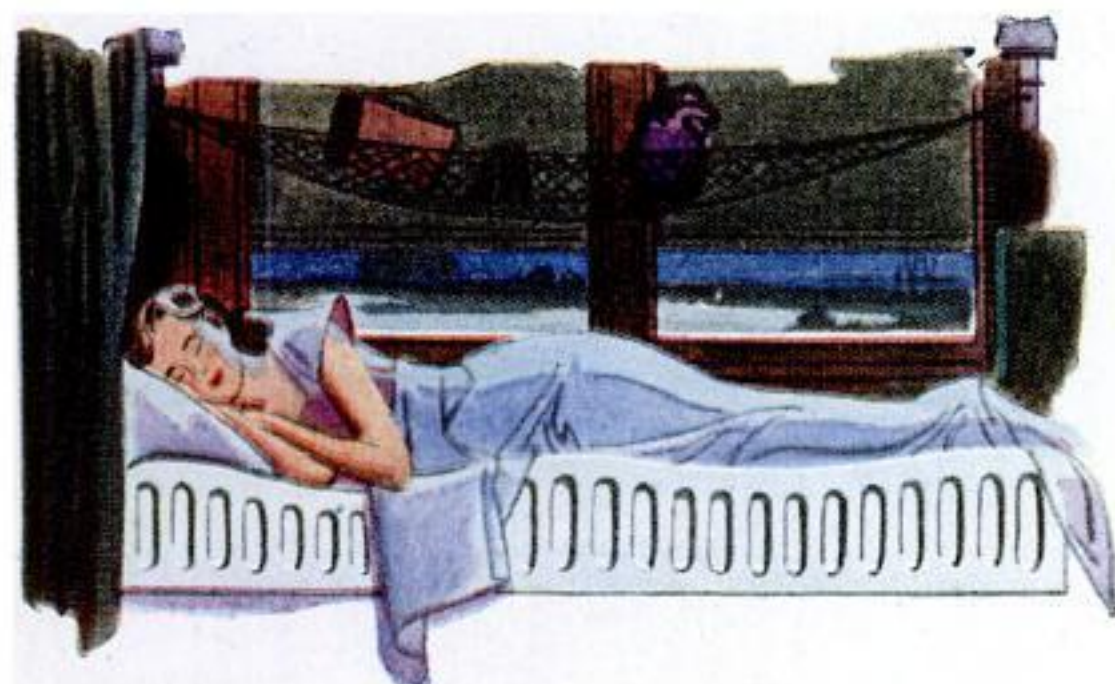
BEA LILLIE COMES BACK TO A TREMENDOUS OVATION

When Beatrice Lillie came on the stage the opening night of *Seven Lively Arts* the audience quickly forgot about all of the rest of the show and even about itself. It gave her a tremendous five-minute ovation, which the British comedienne proceeded to show she deserved. She did a devastating travesty of an Eng-

lish lady coping with GI slang and, in a frilly costume (above), coyly shrilled ballad called *Only Another Boy and Girl*. Since she left Broadway five years ago, Miss Lillie, who is Lady Peel, suffered the loss of her only son in combat. Coming back now, she makes clear that she is still one of the world's great comedien-



**"MISTAH PULLMAN OUGHTA CALL THIS CAR
THE RIP VAN WINKLE"**



Cut-away section of an Airfoam-cushioned mattress, showing how this buoyant material "gives" just enough to provide restful, floating support that conforms to the body and relaxes weary muscles.

GEORGE has something there. Folks slumber through to last call in a sleeper equipped with Airfoam mattresses. Flag stops and midnight switchings don't disturb them — because Airfoam swallows the jolts.

That's one of the reasons why de luxe Airfoam-bedded trains are so popular today. Airfoam is so much more resilient, relaxing, restful. You see, it is thick latex honeycombed with millions of tiny cells filled with air — *free circulating air* that gives it marvelous buoyancy and comfort.

These wonder mattresses keep their comfort, too. They don't get tired and lumpy from hard use, even under peak war-time travel — because Goodyear Research has built amaz-

ing durability into them, along with dream-inviting ease.

So count yourself fortunate if you draw a sleeper cushioned with Airfoam these days. All Goodyear can make is now used for war. But it will be standard in crack postwar trains and airliners to come, both in seats and berths — and in finer cars, home furniture and mattresses as well.

Airfoam
THE NEW NAME FOR COMFORT
GOOD YEAR

Airfoam—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

BUY WAR BONDS • BUY FOR KEEPS



How they made a Toddy hot in 1830

IMAGINE a little antique locomotive whose sole function in life was to make a Hot Toddy!

We found one. It looked just about like this . . . spirit lamp, spigot, and all.

But, of course, the real secret of the perfect Hot Toddy isn't *how* you make it hot.

The secret of the most soul-satisfying, heart-warming Hot Toddy you ever raised to your lips can be told in

two words: *Four Roses!* For the whiskey you use is the heart and soul of this glorious cold-weather drink.

How to make the world's finest Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly), four cloves and, if you wish, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses... and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY
—the same today as before the war



*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City*





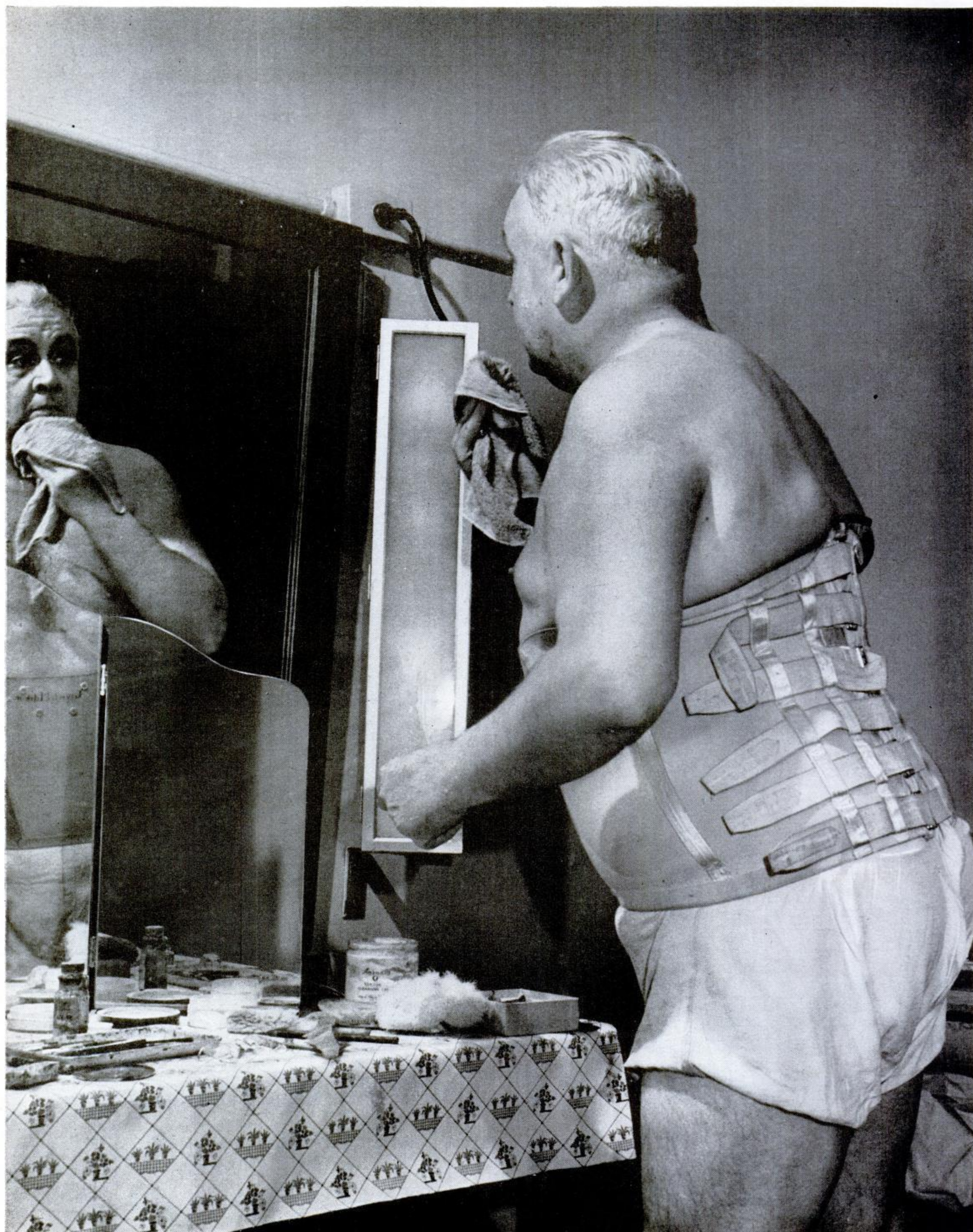
CLAD IN TUNIC, MAIL AND MANTLE, LAURITZ MELCHIOR AS TRISTAN PREPARES TO DRAIN ISOLDE'S LOVE POTION FOR THE 200TH TIME IN HIS DISTINGUISHED OPERATIC CAREER

MELCHIOR'S "TRISTAN"

The huge "Heldentenor" sings role for a record-breaking 200th time

On Dec. 4 at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, Lauritz Melchior, the famous Danish heroic tenor, sang the role of Tristan in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* for the 200th time and became the first singer ever to reach this Wagnerian mark. His majestic 250-lb. bulk draped with knightly garments (above) and held in by a corset (see next page), opera's greatest *Heldentenor* (heroic tenor) once again enacted the musical passion of one of opera's greatest lovers.

Since 1929 Lauritz Melchior has courted 18 different Isoldees in 14 different countries. His record in *Tristan* easily eclipses his 171 performances in *Die Walküre*, his 140 *Tannhäuser*s, 120 *Siegfried*s, 97 *Götterdämmerung*s and 96 *Lohengrin*s. Melchior, who loves anniversaries and food, celebrated his 200th singing of *Tristan* by giving the opera's chorus money for a party and entertaining the principals himself at a midnight supper of buffalo meat, lobster and champagne.

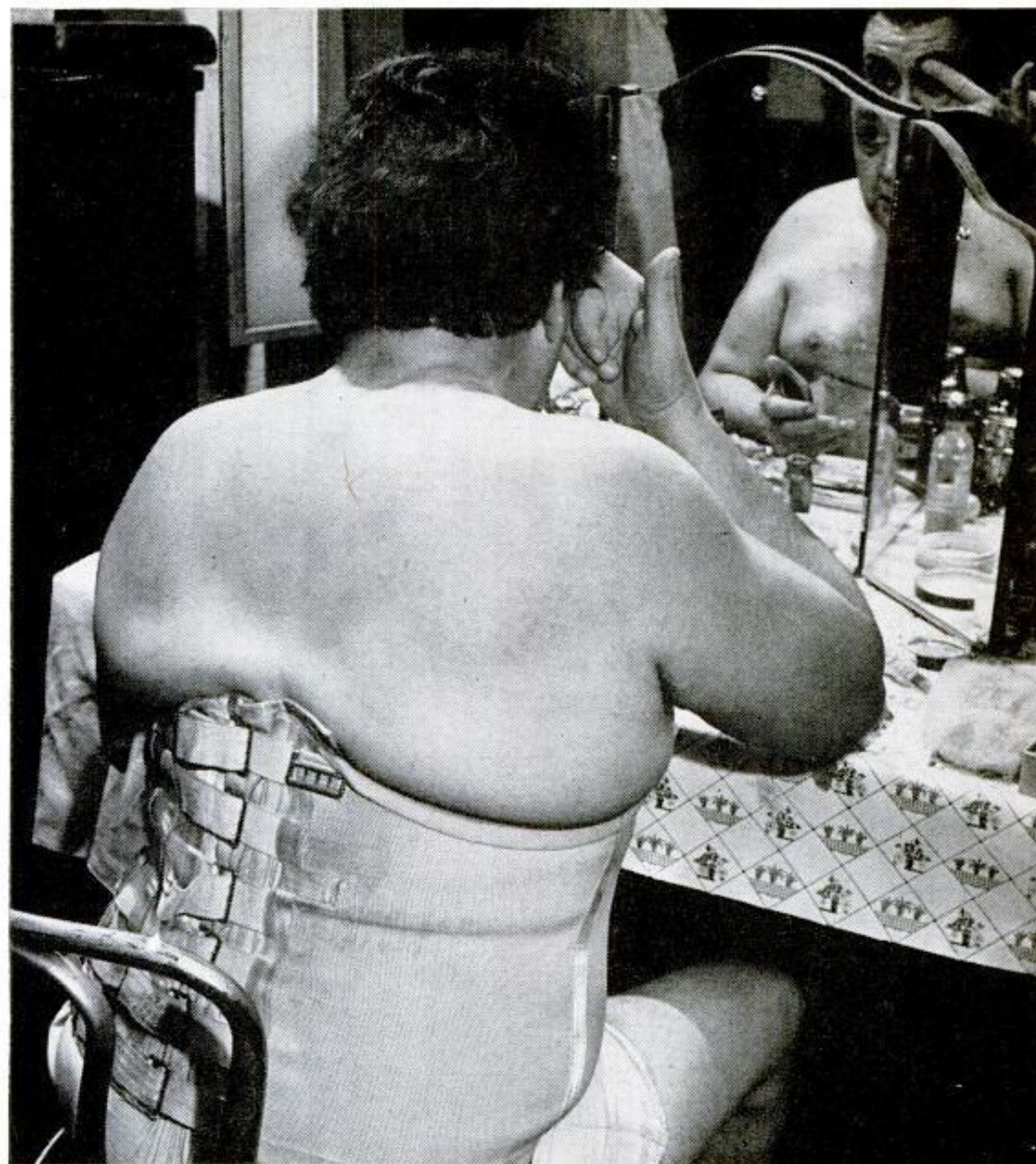


In corset and bloomers, Melchior wipes face clean of ruddy make-up worn in first two acts. In Act III dying Tristan wears sickly pallor, with deep lines in hands and face. Melchior has

only 18 minutes to effect complete change before curtain rises to show him on his deathbed. He has to work fast because Met must pay stagehands \$300 overtime if final curtain is late.



Melchior is strapped into his corset by Dresser Angelo Casamassa. He wears it not for reasons of vanity, but support. *Tristan* is exhausting, requires its hero to be on stage almost four hours.



Melchior avoirdupois overflows top of corset which he never wears off stage or on concert tour. It was designed by him, has suspender attachment and four buttons to hold up armored pants.

DRESSING-ROOM SCENE ALSO HITS HIGH DRAMATIC PITCH

The excitement and tension backstage between the acts of *Tristan* almost equals that of the performance on stage. In a dressing room once occupied by the great Enrico Caruso, Melchior encases his 250 pounds in a formidable corset and applies his own make-up. Racing against curtain time, he works fast and silently.

Worried stage manager darts in and out with watch in hand, urging him to greater speed. Mrs. Melchior and the dresser, Angelo Casamassa, stand ready to help him into his trappings. Melchior alone maintains a stately dressing-room calm, says that it is because his nerves are buried so deep inside him they don't show.



Wine-red tunic goes over Tristan's coat of mail. Next he buckles on his sword, places winged helmet on his brown wig. He never goes on until Mrs. Melchior pronounces costume perfect.



Mrs. Melchior follows Tristan to stage carrying train. She watches performance from wings, sends him on with fond "*Hals und Beinbruch*" ("May you break your neck and your legs").

A PORTFOLIO OF RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS

by

Lauren Ford



SINCE in every generation of painters ever since the first story of Christ was told in pictures, one artist has emerged who can tell the ancient story better than any other contemporary. Today in the U. S. Lauren Ford is such a painter. Miss Ford lives on a farm near a little town called Bethlehem in Connecticut. To Miss Ford, Bethlehem, Conn. is as genuine a setting for the story of the nativity as its namesake town in the Holy Land. She portrays the Christ Child as if He were born in her own barn, in her own town, surrounded by her own neighbors. In this same way she has retold the histories of saints in the settings of the modern France and Italy she herself has seen on her travels.

In this warm and homely procedure Lauren Ford follows the traditions of the great Renaissance artists who also painted the stories of Christ and His followers in the settings of their own times. Translated by Miss Ford into our times, these stories take on new truth and universality. On the following 12 pages are some of Lauren Ford's latest religious paintings, which supplement those that have already appeared in LIFE (Dec. 26, 1938).

Before the war Miss Ford used to spend a few months each year in France. She shunned habitual haunts of Parisian artists and lived instead in remote villages where she came to know the quiet countryside and the deeply devout people. From these experiences and a trip to Assisi she has re-created the tales of saints, miracles and visions which are still so close to the hearts of the French and Italian people. The last six paintings shown on these pages will be included in a book of Miss Ford's work to be called *The Legion of Mary* and to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. (at \$2.50) next fall.



Adoration

Lauren Ford transplants the scene of the Nativity to a barn in Connecticut much like her own. Here she portrays her neighbors gazing in wonder at the Christ Child whose mother had "wrapped Him in swaddling clothes

and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." In the doorway stands St. Joseph awaiting the coming of the Three Wise Men who are following the star of Bethlehem to where the Christ Child lies.



Resurrection

The day of the Last Judgment when "the dead, small and great" will stand before God is portrayed by Lauren Ford as taking place in the little churchyard of Montguyon in southwestern France. The graves open up and all who have

been buried there emerge to be judged by Christ in the name of God. On horizon (left) is an old convent building, bought by Miss Ford and a friend and later turned into a refuge for children when Germans invaded France.



Baptism of Arnould

While Lauren Ford was living in France she painted as a memento the story of the baptismal rites of the child of the friends with whom she was staying. In the tradition of religious paintings of the Middle Ages, guardian angels

and the dove representing the Holy Spirit hover over the baptismal scene. The baptism took place in the country church of St. Pallais de Nègrignac, which Miss Ford has placed on the right horizon in the painting on the opposite page.



St. Francis

To paint this picture of Christ's devout disciple, Lauren Ford journeyed from France to the hilltown of Assisi in central Italy, the birthplace of St. Francis. There, on one of the little town's narrow cobblestone streets, against the back-

ground of ancient Italian architecture, Lauren Ford painted an imaginary scene symbolizing the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis, whose lay followers dedicated themselves to carrying out the teachings of humility.



St. Germaine

St. Germaine was the child of a poor farm laborer in southern France who, after her death in 1601, was canonized. Lauren Ford shows her as a shepherdess and tells the story of the day she was accused by neighbors, whose shadows

are cast in foreground, of stealing food for a starving stranger. At the demand that she show what she held hidden in her apron, Germaine miraculously revealed fresh roses though it was late autumn and roses were not in bloom.



Epiphany at Bet

The Three Wise Men who followed the star of Bethlehem "till it came and stood over where the young child was" are transported by Lauren Ford to her own home town of Bethlehem. The eastern

caravan, complete with camels and donkeys, has already come down the snow-covered New England main street, and the Three Kings in royal robes are approaching the barn where the Virgin



Bethlehem, Connecticut

has placed her Child. Members of the Kings' retinue, dressed in long cloaks, are on their way to the inn to arrange for lodgings. One of them has stopped off next door at Minor's store whence he

emerges with a bag of lollipops for the Christ Child. In the meantime Miss Ford's village neighbors hurry to the scene and stare in amazement at the camels and the rich trappings of caravan.



The Celestial Mother

A scene in the childhood of Blessed Catherine Labouré was painted by Lauren Ford. Left motherless, Catherine climbed up on a chair and, lifting the statue of the Virgin from the mantel, asked that the

Virgin be her adopted mother. Later, as a nun, Catherine predicted France would go through terrible stress. She died in 1876, leaving a diary which told of miraculous visions, and was beatified in 1933.



The First Communion Dress

Catherine Labouré is being dressed for her First Communion in the home of her godmother, who is shown here with her mouth full of pins, adjusting Catherine's long veil. Watching them in awed silence are Catherine's sister

Tonine and brother Auguste. To protect the pristine whiteness of the precious dress, which has been handed down from generation to generation, Catherine stands upon a spotless carpet specially spread for this momentous occasion.



Guardian Angel

The child trudging through the woods protected only by her guardian angel is Mélanie de La Salette, who lived 100 years ago in southeastern France. The fifth child of poor peasants, Mélanie had an unnaturally brutal mother who

sent her out to beg and often tried to lose her in the woods. But Mélanie, watched over by her guardian angel, miraculously survived and later, when Mélanie's mother grew old, the girl cared for her tenderly until her death.



Vision of La Salette

When Mélanie de La Salette was 14 the vision of the Virgin appeared to her and her little friend Maximin while they were wandering about in the fields. The Virgin stood before them wearing an apron "the color

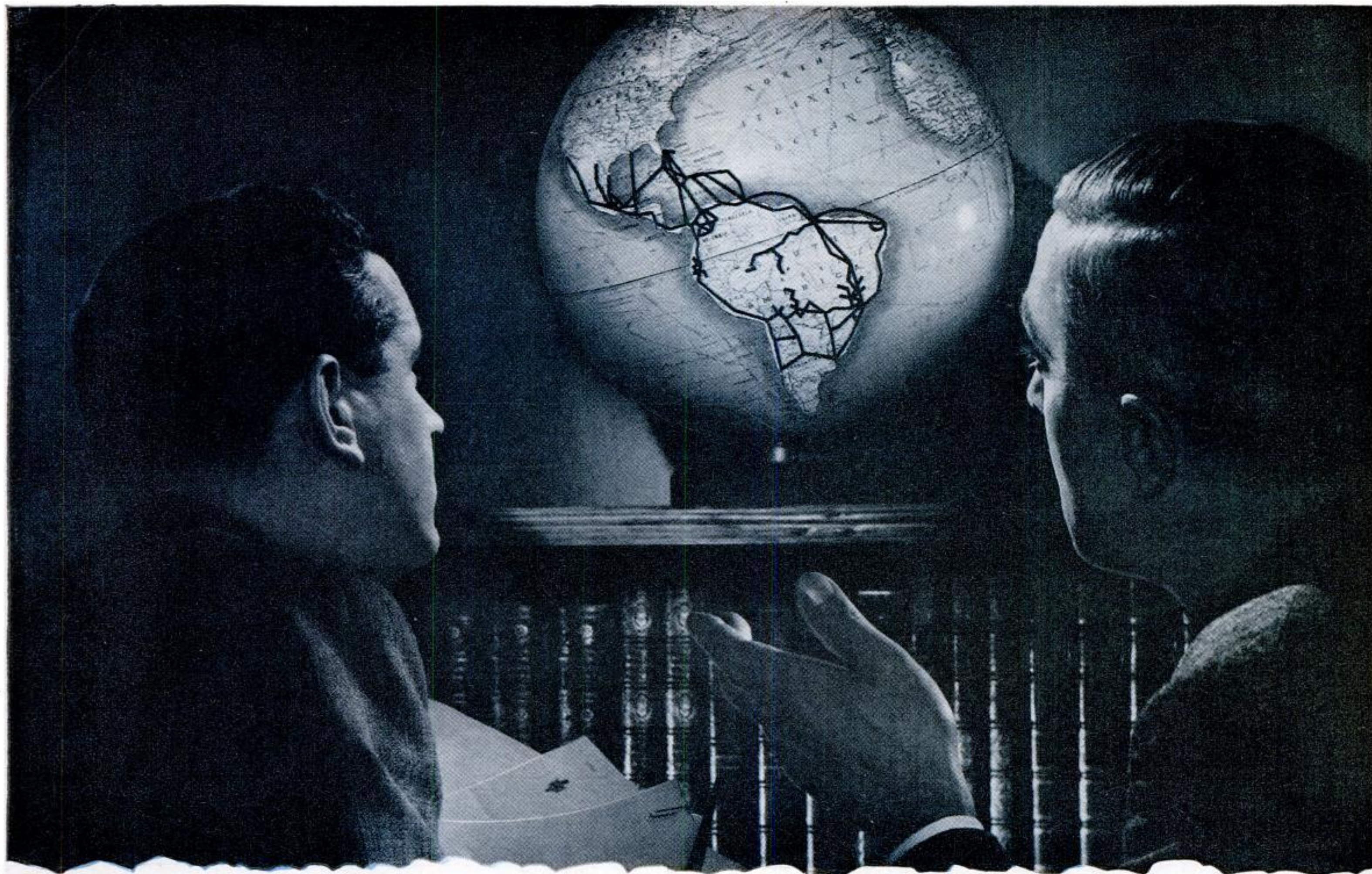
of light, her gown sewn with pearls that looked like tears." She spoke in perfect French which the children were able to repeat to their elders, though they ordinarily could speak only the dialect of the countryside.



The Vision at Dusk

One evening in 1871 the villagers of Pontmain in Brittany were praying that they be saved from Prussian invaders who were one mile from the town. Suddenly six small children playing in the snow saw in the sky the

Virgin surrounded by a halo of light. Attracted by the children's exclamations, the older people came running. Since they were grownups, they could see nothing. But within a half hour the Prussians were turned back.



Shown on globe—PAA routes now in operation

How high have you "raised your sights" on LATIN AMERICA?

FROM 7 to 10 million new jobs, economists agree, will have to be created in the United States "within a year after the firing ceases." This means 7 to 10 million more jobs than were available in 1940. And American businessmen, alert to this challenge, are "raising their sights" accordingly on production, on employment and on markets.

A BILLION DOLLAR MARKET

Where does Latin America fit into this planning? Well-informed LIFE readers know, of course, that Latin America represented a *billion dollar* export market in 1940 . . . That imports from Latin America that year rose *even higher*.

But how much of your post-war planning for Latin America has been based on *pre-war* trans-

portation? Have you taken into consideration the fact that every big city in the world has been built not so much on *land* as on TRANSPORTATION? . . . And have you asked yourself what part air transport is going to play in Latin America's future?

The Latin American air transport system—as it exists today—is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world. In South America itself, you have a continent that has skipped right over the "railroad age" and has already begun to build a new economy in the Air Age.

Pan American World Airways did the pioneer job in developing air service to Latin America 17 years ago. Today Pan American and its affiliated Latin American companies have linked by air,

every principal city in Central America, South America and the West Indies with every other principal city in that area—300 in all. These, in turn, are linked to North America through five great air gateways at Miami, New Orleans, Brownsville, Nuevo Laredo and Los Angeles.

CAN WE HELP YOU?

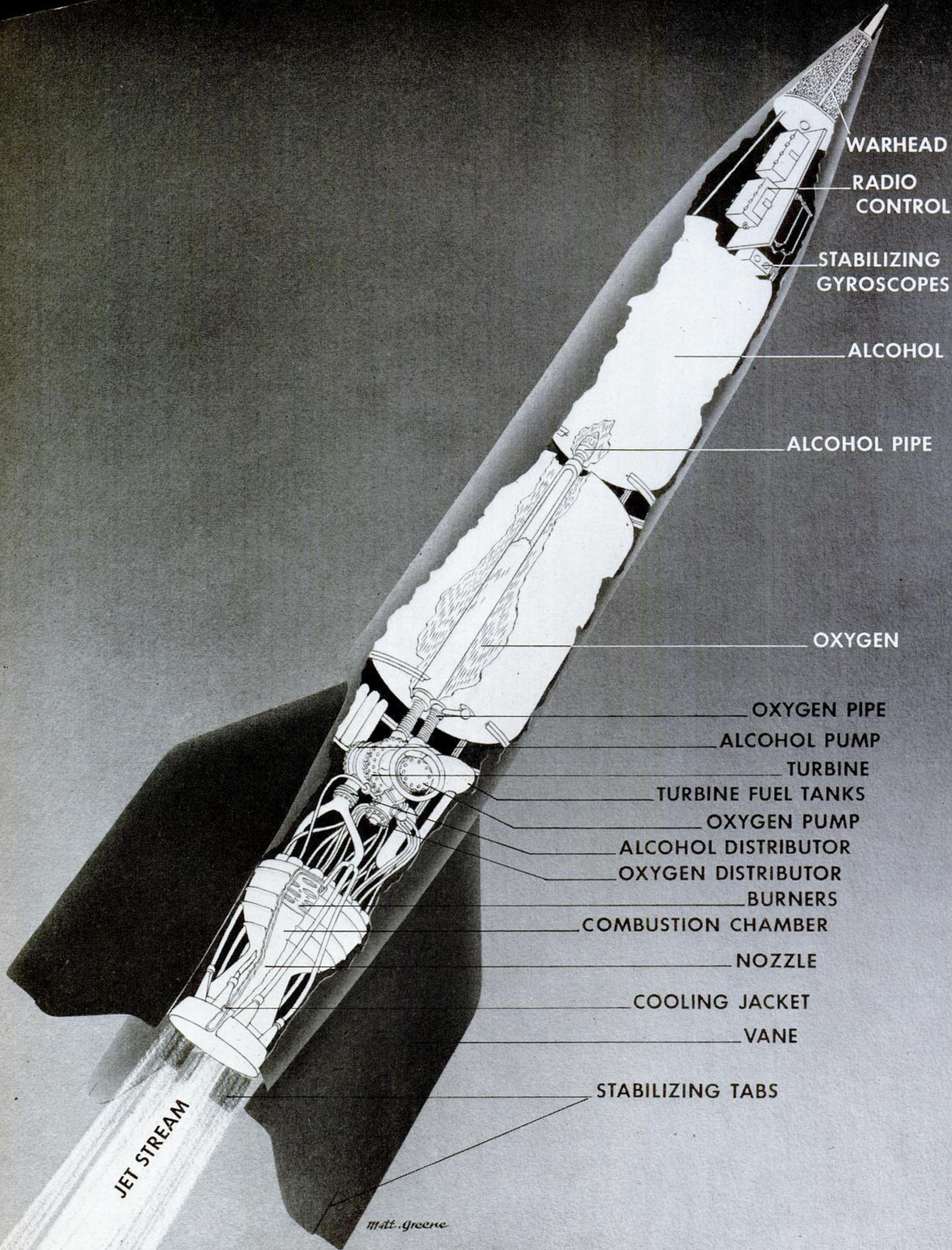
In doing this job, Pan American has built up considerable special information on Latin America. This information is at the disposal of interested business executives. An inquiry to our *Foreign Trade Counsellor* at Pan American World Airways, 135 East 42nd St., New York, will receive prompt attention.

* * *

For rates and reservations aboard Clippers bound for Latin America, consult your own travel agent, or the Pan American office in: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, New Orleans, Seattle, Miami, Houston, or Brownsville, Texas. For International Air Express shipments, telephone Railway Express Agency, Inc.

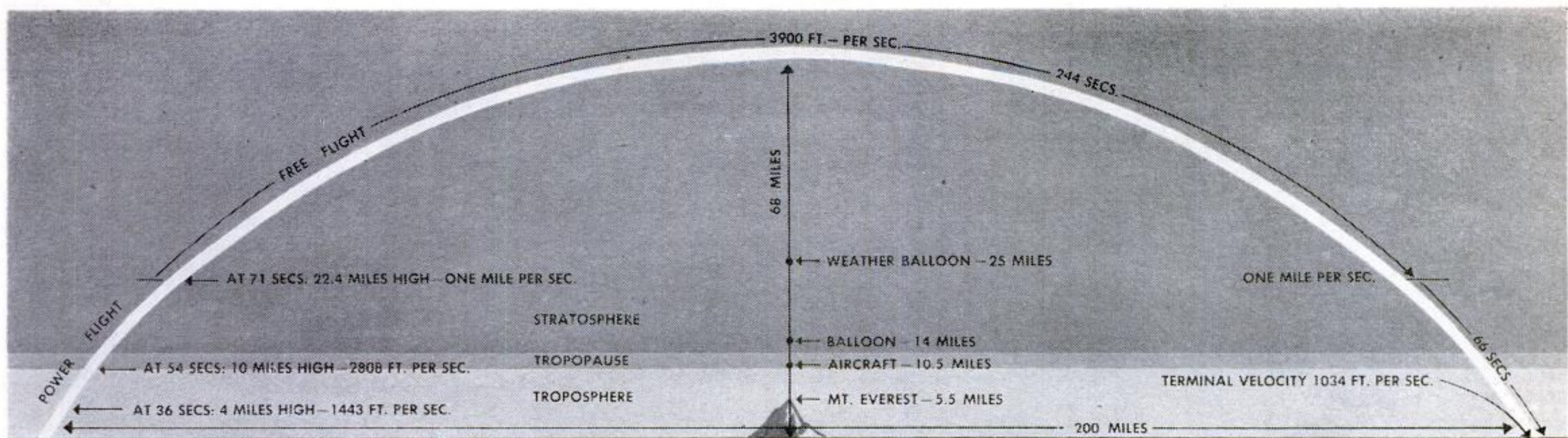
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS *The System of the Flying Clippers*





Reconstruction of V-2 assembles the component parts pictured on the opposite page. The turbine is run by self-igniting fuel. Gyroscopes control the stabilizing tabs in fins to keep rocket on

course during the first few seconds of power flight. The radio signal controls the range by shutting off the fuel. This huge, intricate mechanism carries only one ton of explosive in its warhead.



Trajectory of V-2 breaks all altitude records. Power flight (left) to 22.4-mile altitude is small segment of total 250-mile arc. Half of power flight is covered in last 17 seconds. In descent,

under constant acceleration of gravity, V-2 regains speed, then slows down in heavier, lower atmosphere. As it slows down, its nose gets hot, perhaps from air friction or compression.

V-2

NAZI ROCKET DETAILS ARE FINALLY REVEALED

With the conclusion that it is a military flop but a very "considerable technical achievement," the British on Dec. 8 presented a comprehensive report on the Nazi's V-2 rocket. Erratic and highly inaccurate, V-2 has done relatively little damage to England. Even though it merely shows that the Germans will go to a lot of trouble to create a small nuisance, V-2 is the war's most spectacular weapon.

At launching, V-2 weighs 12 tons, nine tons being alcohol and oxygen. Its engine burns the alcohol and oxygen at the rate of about 260 pounds per second and at a temperature of about 7,000° F. The resulting hot-gas jet has a velocity of about 6,400 feet per second and a thrust of 24 tons, or twice the rocket's launching weight. With its thrust constant and its

weight swiftly decreasing, V-2 goes up with steeply increasing acceleration. At end of 71 seconds V-2's fuel is exhausted, but it has reached an altitude of 22.4 miles and a velocity of about one mile per second. From this point it soars in free flight on a parabolic arc, reaching an altitude of 68 miles. Thence it descends, coming down 200 miles from its launching site.

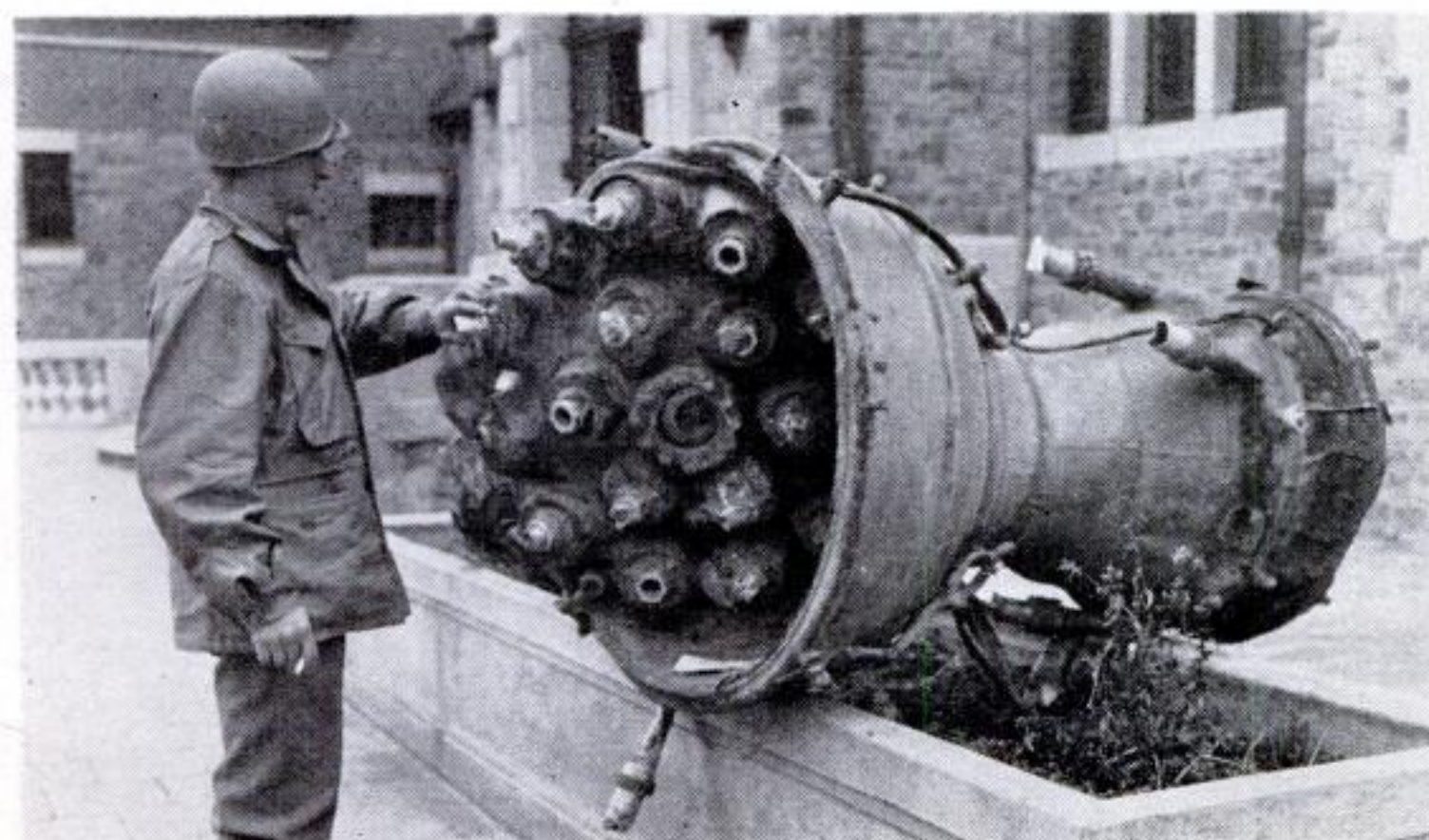
Last week Mayor La Guardia warned New York that the Germans have threatened to launch a long-range V-2 against the U. S. According to rocket engineers of Reaction Motors Inc. of Pompton Plains, N. J., who reconstructed the V-2 trajectory above, an ocean-crossing rocket would have to weigh 500 tons and would have to be a multiple or "step" rocket, each step launching the next to a higher speed and altitude.



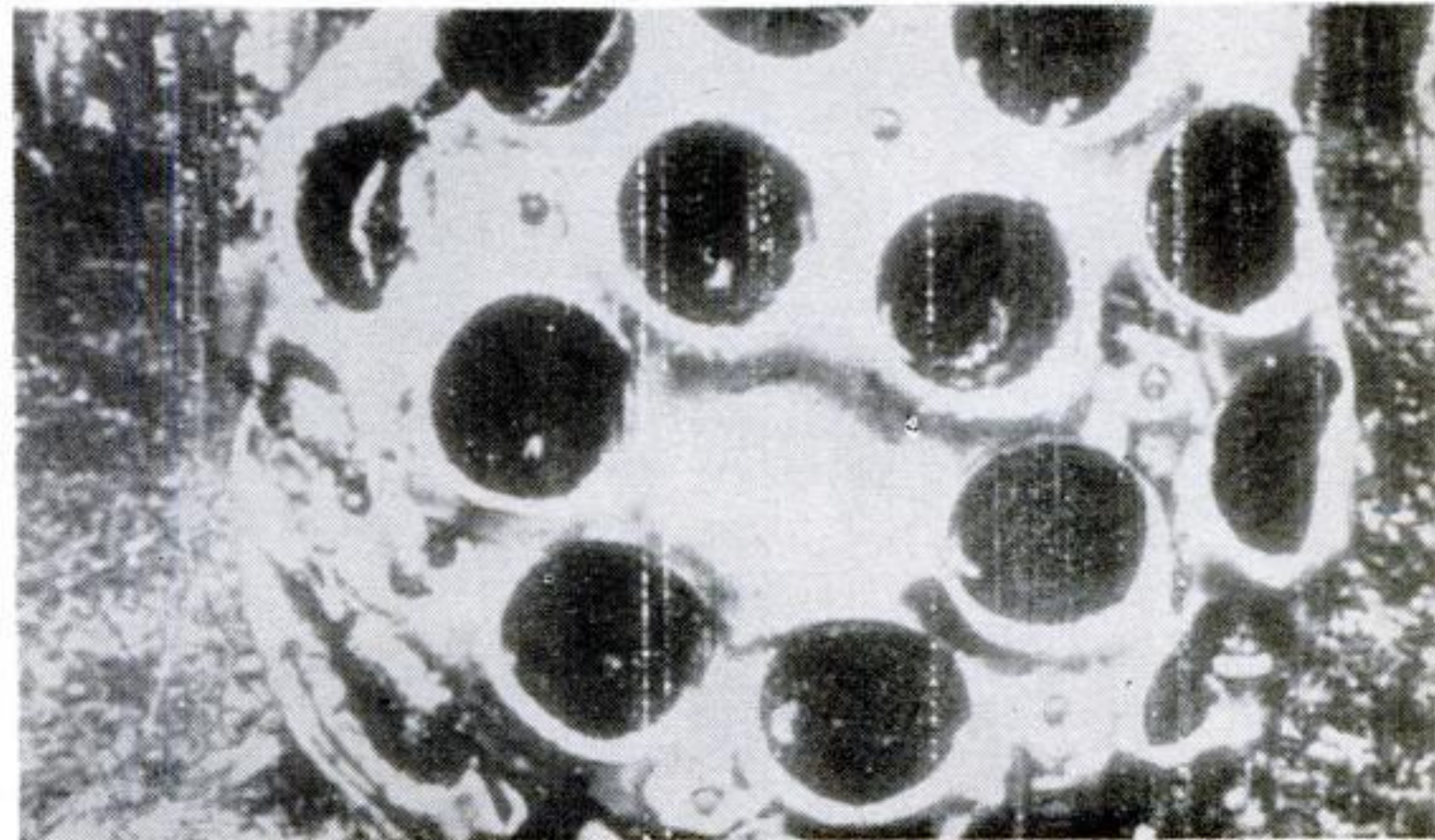
V-2 gas turbine wheel, held in soldier's hand, drives pumps (at left and right) which feed alcohol and oxygen to engine (see opposite page). Parts shown here are from V-2 that fell in Belgium.



Engine of V-2 is inspected by Field Marshal Montgomery. Combustion chamber is bell mouth at right. Crack shows double wall of cooling jacket through which alcohol flows to cool engine.



Rear view of engine shows burners mounted at back of combustion chamber. Oxygen feeds into engine through pipes in burners. The pipes protruding at right carry alcohol into cooling jacket.



Burners are here shown on back wall of the combustion chamber. Oxygen is injected directly into burners. Alcohol arrives at burners as a hot vapor after circulating through cooling jacket.

Which is your type – Shirley...Trevor...Powell?

SHIRLEY? Lovely Anne, whose real name is Dawn Paris, has been a screen actress for 22 of her 25 years. The practical type, she tells you: "Regents' King Size means extra value! Regents are 20% longer."



TREVOR? Claire fibbed about her experience to get her first acting job—and millions of moviegoers are glad she did! The discriminating type, she observes: "Regents are better-tasting, and I think they're milder."



POWELL? Typed as a romantic crooner, Dick gets a kick out of his latest role as a tough, *non-crooning*, love-'em-and-leave-'em detective! "That crushproof Regent box," Dick raves, "assures a firm, fresh cigarette at all times."

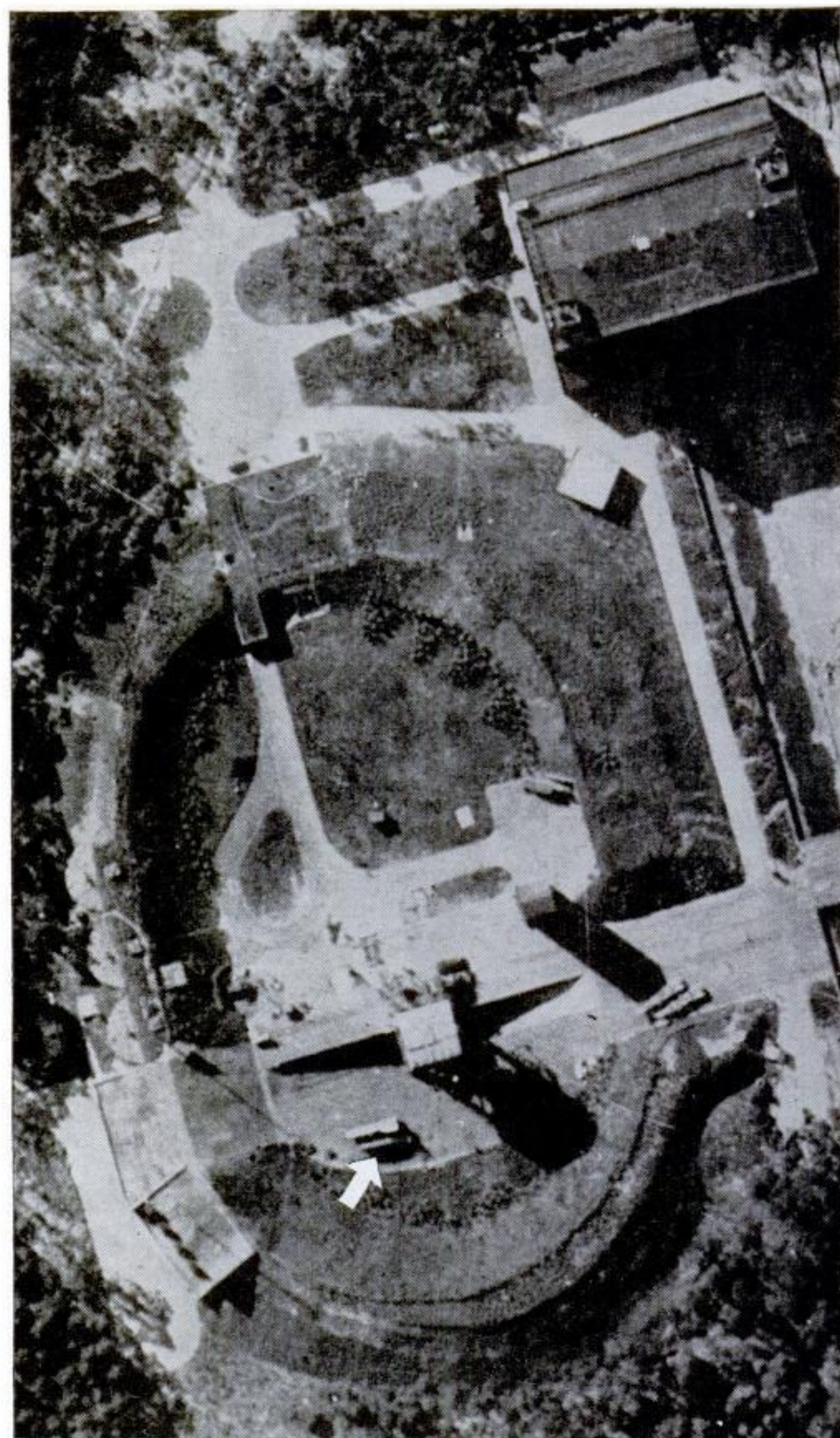


ALL THREE STARS, appearing in RKO's "Farewell, My Lovely," agree that Regents are milder, better-tasting. Multiple Blending does it—an exclusive process that makes Regents really mild, always gentle to the throat. Next time, try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos... *Multiple Blended*
make **REGENT**
The milder, better tasting cigarette!



V-2 (continued)



V-2 launching site on Baltic coast was photographed by RAF. From this site Nazis fired experimental rockets into neutral Sweden, got range and other data from annoyed protests of Swedes. The actual rocket is indicated by the arrow at bottom center. Structure above rocket may be launching tower, obscured by camouflage.



V-2 track in sky is marked by vapor trail. Wavy pattern in trail is caused by winds, not by rocket, which flies steady course. Trail shows that rocket is launched vertically or at 85° angle. At end of power flight it is at 45° angle, for maximum free flight arc. Coming down at steep angle, rocket buries most of explosive force in ground.



"Forget the parades—there's work to do!" urged Elsie

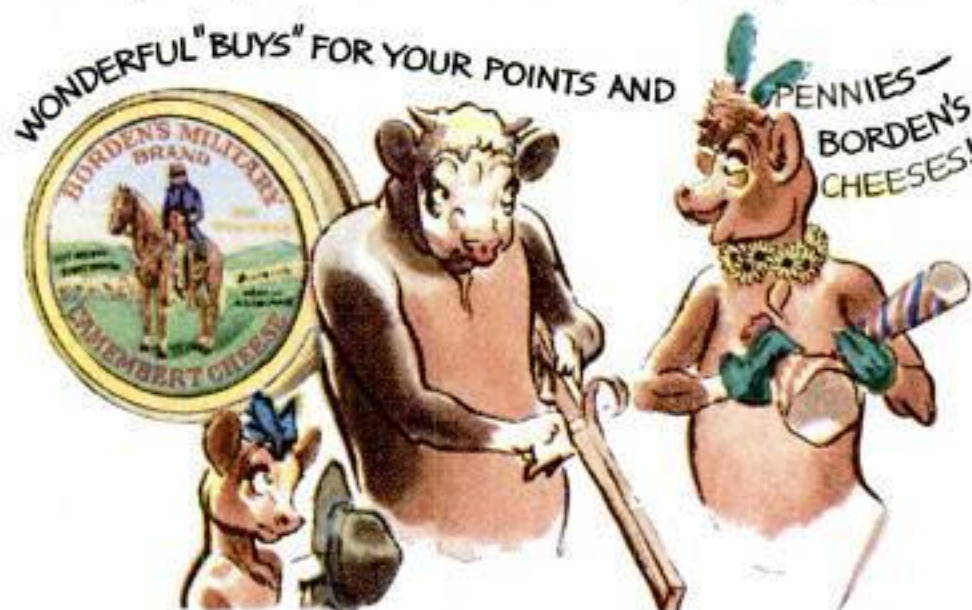
"RUBBISH!" RUMBLED ELMER, the bull. "This war is in the bag. I want to wave a flag and hear the bands. What's wrong with that?"

"Practically everything," sighed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "When you're winning is the very time it's hardest to keep going at full speed. It's been a great year for the Allies, and we have every right to feel proud and grateful for the job our fighting men have done. But we can't let up now."

"Aw shucks," pouted Elmer, "a little overconfidence never hurt anyone."

"That's what Hitler thought," laughed Elsie. "He

War Bonds, to visit your blood bank, to conserve food, to live up to the rationing rules. And, speaking of rationing, did you ever see a better buy for your points



and pennies than grand and glorious ripe, mellow Borden's Camembert Cheese? It's only one of a score of wonderful Borden's Fine Cheeses, and . . ."

"Don't tell me—I know the score," interrupted



Elmer. "You can stop right there."

"Nonsense," giggled Elsie. "If I stopped there how

would people ever learn the oodles of desserts they can make with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk? Why, you can't make a smoother chocolate sauce than the one I make with Eagle Brand!"

"I thought you said overconfidence was dangerous," murmured Elmer drily. "Aren't your opinions about Borden a little on the enthusiastic side?"



"Perhaps," admitted Elsie. "But isn't everyone enthusiastic about Borden's None Such Mince Meat—the fruitiest, spiciest, minciest mince meat that ever found its way between pie crusts!"

"You're supposed to answer the questions around here," Elmer pointed out. "Before you got sidetracked on Borden's, you were telling me how I should behave with victory in sight."

"So I was," beamed Elsie. "Well, the thing to do is to work as hard as you can and keep as cool as . . . well . . .



the most delightfully cool things I can think of are Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbets. Both are great foods as well as delicious treats."

"Here we go again," sighed Elmer. "Now, if you'll stop talking a minute, I'll see if there's any good news on the radio."

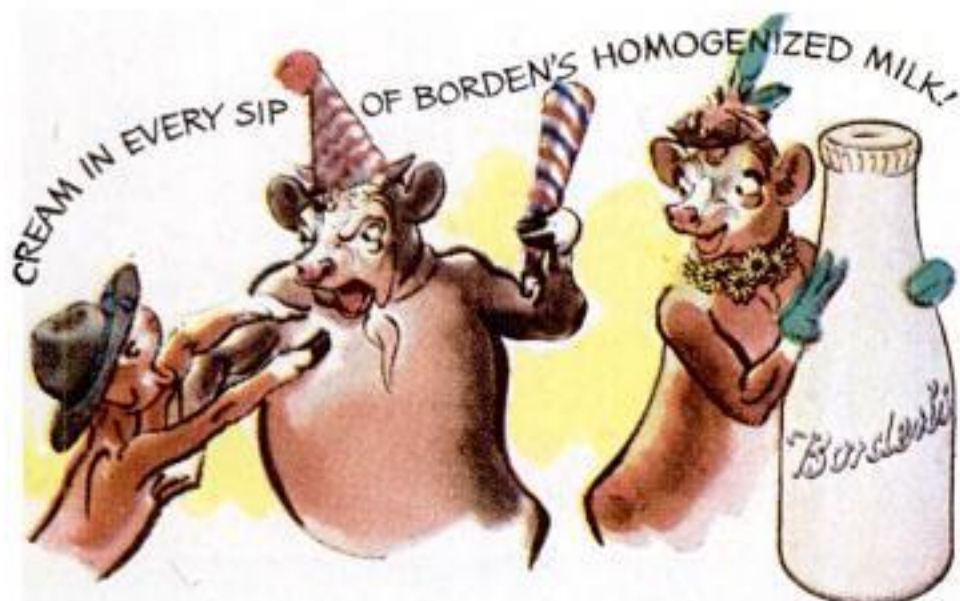
"I'm not worried about the news," said Elsie. "If we'll all keep working and backing up our fighting men with all our might, the news has got to be good—"

"Seems to me I've heard those words somewhere before," said Elmer brightly. "Seems to me it starts 'If it's Borden's—'"

"Elmer, you're marvelous!" enthused Elsie. "I'll finish it for you—If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

• • •

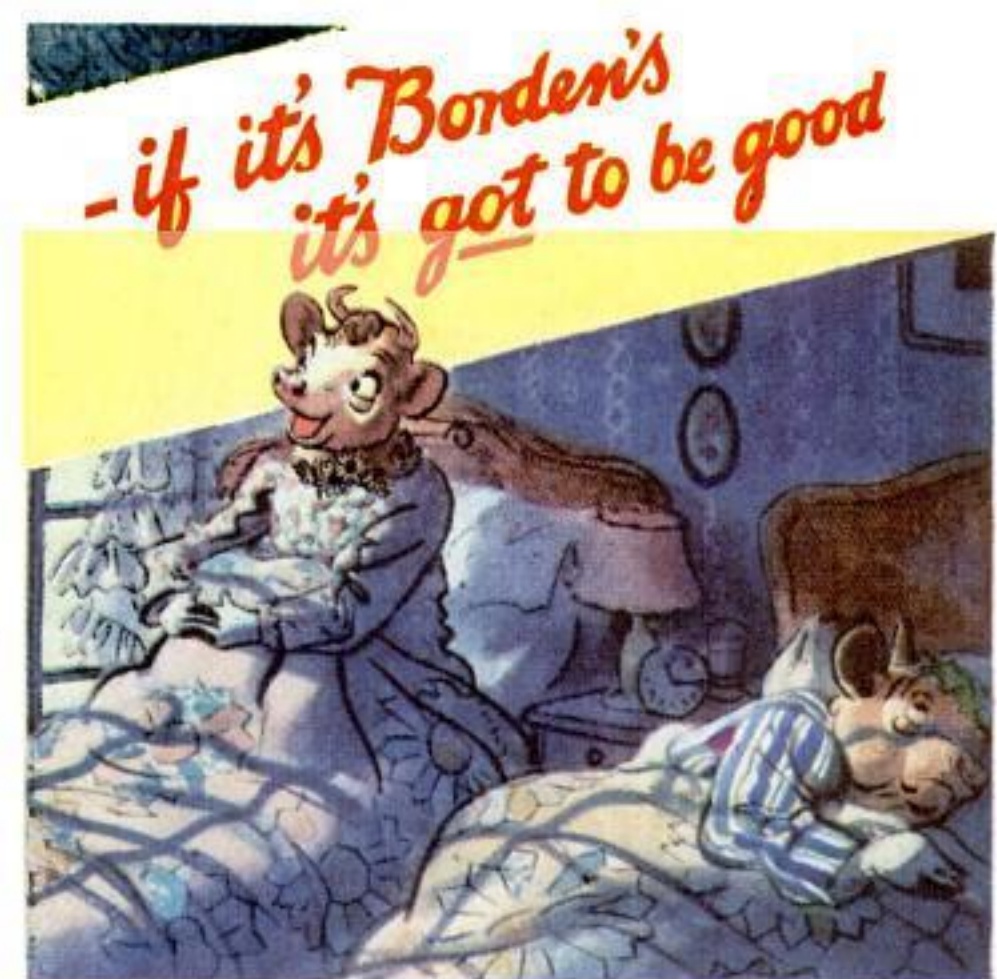
Hear ED WYNN in "Happy Island" Friday Evenings! Blue Network. See local paper for time and station.



could set you right, before I could say there's cream in every sip of Borden's Homogenized Milk—and sunshine Vitamin D, too!"

"All right—I'm wrong," snapped Elmer. "What do you want me to do—have a glass of milk?"

"Of course, not, silly," chuckled Elsie. "I want you to stop dreaming about Victory Parades and help bring final Victory sooner. That means continuing to buy



©The Borden Company

FROM STEEL TO NUTS



STEEL IS A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK under any circumstances. Its hardness is basic in modern civilization.

More power—always more power—must be crowded into today's engines. They are required literally to move mountains . . . to drive machines at the speed of sound. And so, greater and greater demands are made on the hardness and endurance of steel.

Ammonia gas, now produced from petroleum gas by Shell, helps to provide modern designers with steel that will meet their relentless demands.

From such ammonia, nitrogen is released to "case harden" the steel. It gives to alloy steel an outer shell many times harder, while preserving a ductile core.

"Nitriding," this process is called. Under heat, molecules of nitrogen divorce themselves from the ammonia gas, and combine with alloying elements in the steel, forming "nitrides."

Dispersed through the new outer shell of the metal, these nitrides make the difference between the air-

plane engine valve stem which can take the punishment of today's "100 octane" motors, and one which can't. Or between a gudgeon pin which holds a tank track together, and one which breaks.

Though the volume of ammonia which performs this critical function is not imposing—a little goes a long way—millions of machine parts which must have the greatest endurance get their tough shell through nitriding.

Ammonia, made by Shell, has many other uses. As a fertilizer it enriches the soil by adding nitrogen. The walnuts on your table may be larger, meatier, more delicious because of Shell's agricultural ammonia. As a refrigerant Shell's ammonia helps to preserve the food supply. By chemical sleight-of-hand Shell ammonia provides the "N" in TNT.

* * *

At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, men probe into the molecular mysteries of petroleum, add continuously

to petroleum scientific knowledge. You can safely count on Shell Research—Sword of Today—Plowshare of Tomorrow—to bring you new post-war Shell gasolines and Shell motor oils . . . and constantly assure you of the finest that science can produce.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

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SHELL RESEARCH

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow



LIONEL BARRYMORE AS SCROOGE (LEFT) TELLS BOB CRATCHIT HE CAN'T HAVE EVEN ONE LUMP OF COAL ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Carol

IT IS just 101 years since a little book was published in London called *A Christmas Carol in Prose, Being a Ghost Story of Christmas*, by Charles Dickens. It told the story of old Ebenezer Scrooge, who said that Christmas was all a humbug but found out otherwise after he saw a ghost. It told about Bob Cratchit, the timid clerk in Scrooge's office, who wasn't allowed to have enough coal to keep warm, and about Bob's crippled son Tiny Tim, who had a merry Christmas in spite of his crutch. And about plum pudding and holly and roast goose and hurrying, happy crowds and snowball fights and church bells and the spirit of love which is Christmas and which eventually touched the heart of stony old Scrooge himself. Many people believe it is still the greatest Christmas story in the English language.

On Christmas Eve 1934, Lionel Barrymore and the Columbia

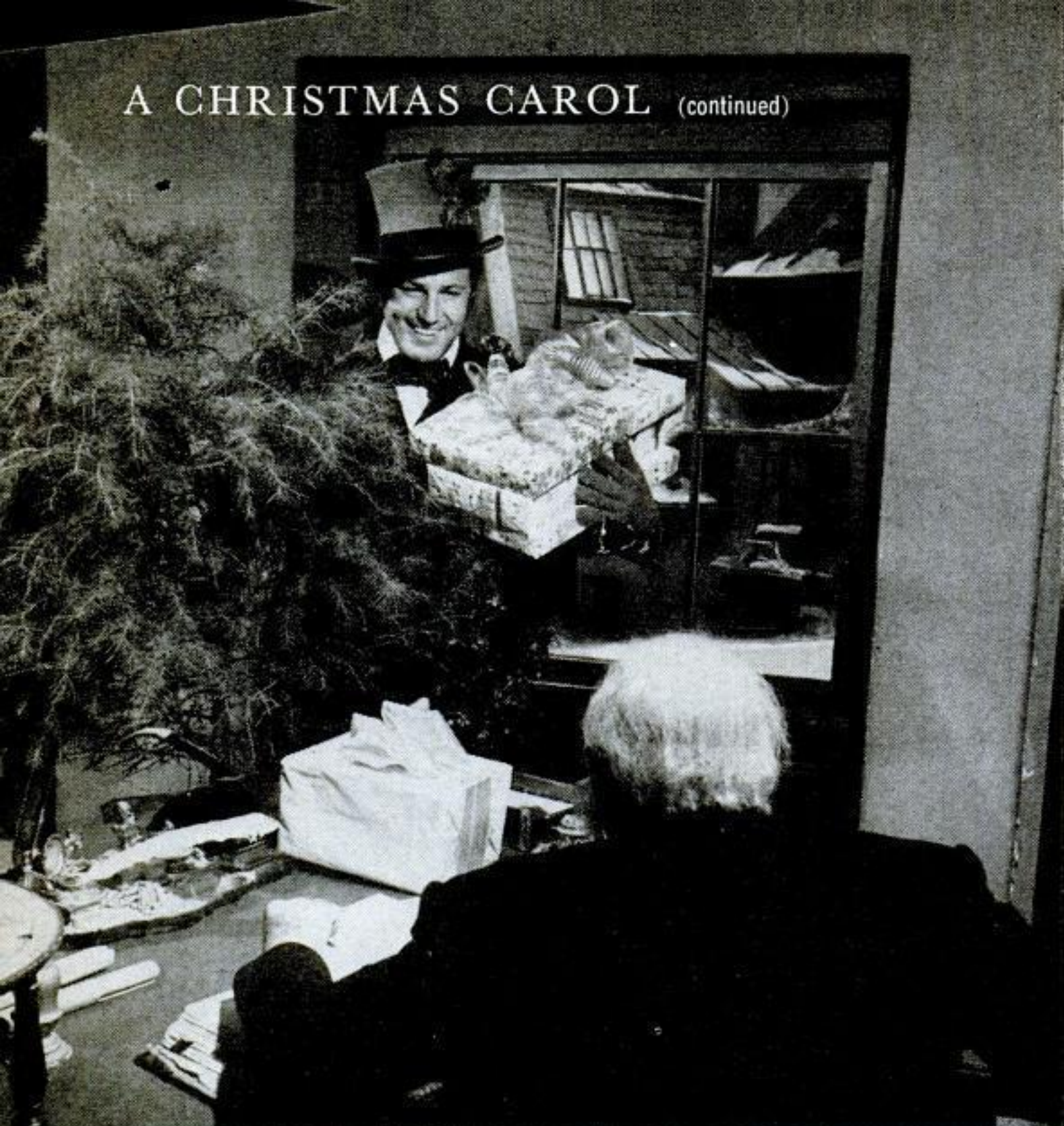
THE CHARACTERS

EBENEZER SCROOGE.....	Lionel Barrymore
BOB CRATCHIT.....	Robert O'Connor
SCROOGE'S NEPHEW.....	Bruce Kellogg
SOLICITOR.....	Mitchell Lewis
MARLEY'S GHOST.....	Francis Stevens
CHRISTMAS PAST.....	June Lockhart
CHRISTMAS PRESENT.....	Jeff York
CHRISTMAS FUTURE.....	Francis Stevens
LITTLE BOY.....	Billy Chiles
TINY TIM.....	Dickie Hall

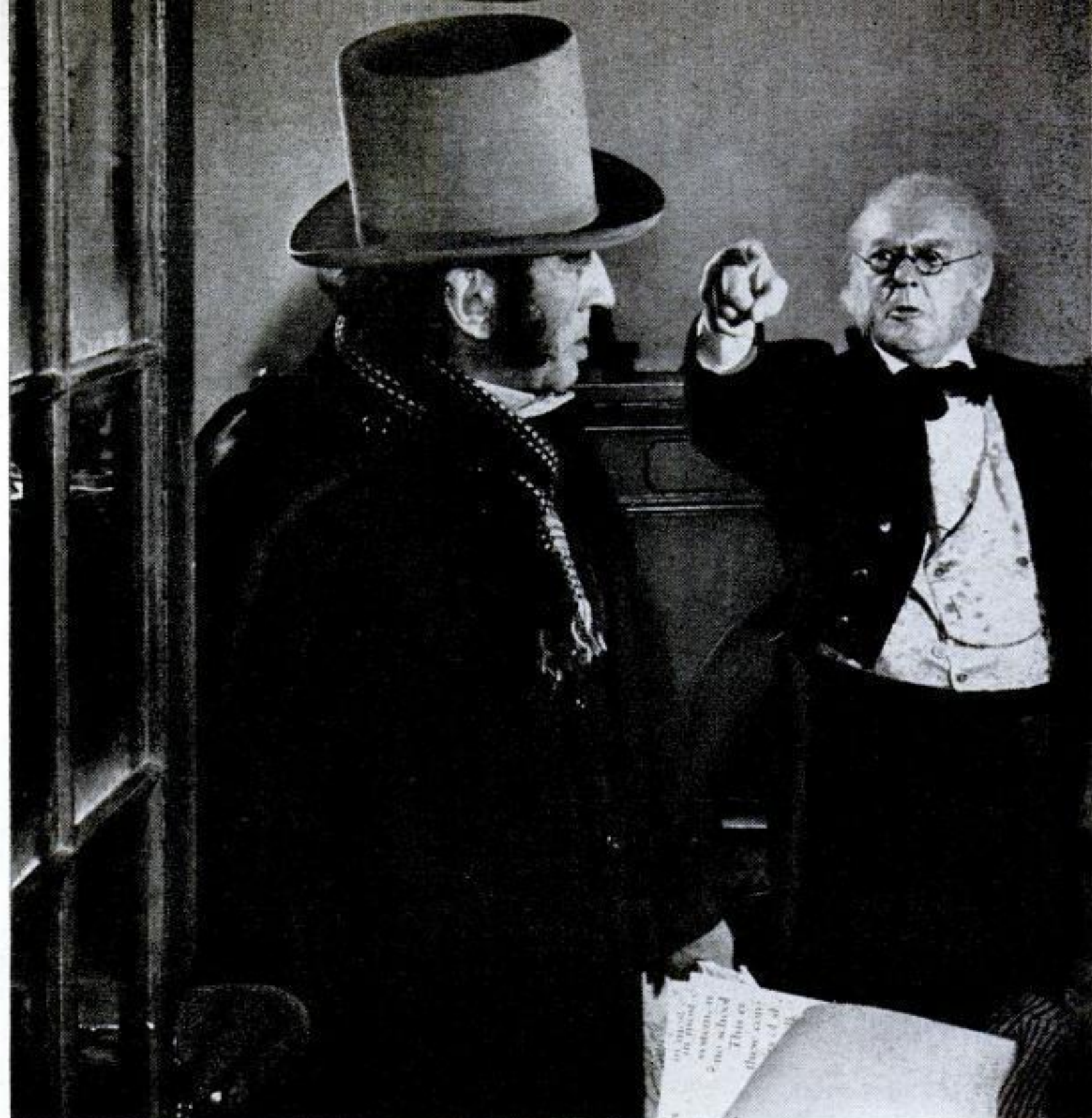
Enacted at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Broadcasting System first dramatized Dickens' *Christmas Carol* on the air and have continued to broadcast the story every Christmas season since, with two exceptions, in 1936 and 1938. (In 1936 Lionel Barrymore's wife died and his late brother John took his place.) Millions of Americans, who have forsaken the old custom of reading the Carol aloud to the children on Christmas Eve, would hardly consider Christmas to be Christmas without hearing Barrymore harrumph and growl his way through the role of old Scrooge. This year he will do it again, on Saturday Dec. 23, from 7 to 7:30 p.m.,

E.W.T., on his regular *Mayor of the Town* program time. The photographs on this and the following pages show Barrymore and fellow actors at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Hollywood (see the cast of characters above) acting some of the familiar scenes from the great Dickens story for the camera of LIFE Photographer Ralph Crane.



SCROOGE'S NEPHEW stops at his office and cheerily invites him to a family Christmas dinner. But bad-tempered Scrooge refuses because Christmas is a "humbug." "Every idiot who goes about saying 'Merry Christmas' should be boiled with his own pudding," cries Scrooge.



SCROOGE'S RAGE explodes when two solicitors enter his office on Christmas Eve to ask donations for the poor and starving. He tells one of them people who cannot care for themselves should go to prison or the workhouse. "If they would rather die," he shouts, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population!"



AN APPARITION on his front door confronts Scrooge when he gets home to his miserly bachelor apartment. After doing his best to make everyone miserable, Scrooge had left his countinghouse, planning to sit at home by himself in his nightcap and eat a bowl of cheap gruel for his Christmas Eve dinner.

The ghostly face he suddenly sees in his knocker is that of his business partner, Jacob Marley, who died seven years before. The face shines with "a dismal light, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar." But Scrooge, only momentarily frightened, pushes through the door, mutters "Pooh, pooh!", goes upstairs.



MARLEY'S GHOST, preceded by a sound of clanking chains, appears again as Scrooge sits alone in front of his fireplace, with his door double-locked and bolted. This time Scrooge is really scared. Marley explains to his old partner why he is chained all over with cashboxes, books, ledgers, keys. In life, he

says, he was just like Scrooge and never did a kind or generous thing for anybody. Now in death he is doomed to roam the earth and regret all the good deeds he never did. He tells Scrooge three spirits are coming to visit him very soon, warns him to obey their commands or he, too, will suffer Marley's fate.



THE FIRST SPIRIT rouses Scrooge from slumber a few hours later. She is the Ghost of Christmas Past and she takes Scrooge on a tour of Christmases that he knew as a boy and young man. He sees again the people who were kind to him and he begins to regret his surly ways.



AT THE END of his journey through the past Scrooge recalls how he sat alone in his office while his partner, Marley was dying. He realizes that he is all alone in the world and that it is his own fault. He finds himself struggling with the bed-clothes and falls asleep again. But soon a second spirit visits him (*see opposite page*).



THE THIRD SPIRIT is a sinister phantom who forces Scrooge to visit a cemetery and look at his own gravestone. He is the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. He conducts Scrooge to a mean secondhand dealer's shack where two women servants and an undertaker are already selling Scrooge's shirt, sheets,

sleevebuttons and other articles pilfered from his corpse. Scrooge is aghast but sees that this is poetic justice for the cold and avaricious life he has been leading. He falls on his knees and promises the spirit that from this night on "I will honour Christmas with all my heart, and try to keep it all the year."



THE SECOND SPIRIT is the Ghost of Christmas Present, a jolly giant who sits on a heap of "Turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, sucking pigs, sausages, oysters" and other good things. In an instant all this vanishes and the spirit takes Scrooge to the humble home of his clerk, Bob Cratchit, in a poor

section of London. Bob gets only 15 shillings a week working for Scrooge but he is having a big Christmas dinner of roast goose and trimmings for his family of eight, including crippled Tiny Tim. Scrooge is deeply touched by Tiny Tim's plight and begs the spirit to promise that the child will live and get well.



CHRISTMAS DAY Scrooge awakens to find that it was all a dream. He opens his window, shouts down to a passing boy to buy the biggest turkey he can find and carry it to Bob Cratchit's house.

NEXT MORNING Scrooge pretends to be angry (*below*) because Cratchit is a few minutes late to work. But then he claps his startled clerk on the shoulder, declares that he is raising Bob's salary.



Bob Cratchit's Dinner

The Second Spirit takes Scrooge to watch the Cratchits at Christmas dinner. Below are excerpts from Dickens' description of the now-famous feast

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly; with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. . . .

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. . . . Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.



OLD SCROOGE, WHO IS NOW A GREATLY
CHANGED MAN, HELPS TINY TIM TO
CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS FOREVER AFTER



No Nazi salute was forthcoming from ramrod von Rundstedt (*in foreground*). Strictly a soldier, he would have given the Army salute.



General Staff generals are thanked by Hitler after Polish campaign, but von Rundstedt, who did most to win the campaign,

is not here. He seems to have avoided for the most part being photographed with Hitler or the other Nazis, who were

THE LAST PRUSSIAN

Gerd von Rundstedt, the Wehrmacht's best general, takes over western defense of Germany from Hitler

by DAVID CORT

"If Hitler were running the army now," said a high American officer lately, "he would probably be screaming to his generals to retake Aachen by 6 o'clock tonight, instead of allowing them to conduct the highly skilled defense they are making." But unfortunately what Churchill called that "warlike genius by which Corporal Schickelgruber has so notably contributed to our victory" has ominously been replaced by another sort of operator. "The General" is back, Field Marshal General Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt, the last and by far the greatest of the Prussian masters who almost won the world for Hitler.

In mid-September he was recalled to the command in the west, from which Hitler had dismissed him July 6. He was, in fact, Germany's last hope. Beyond his other qualifications he had spent most of the 1920s studying the defensive retreat leading up to the ambush and counterattack. Though circumstances in this war first required him to produce three victorious offensives, he was originally a defensive expert. In the west he has evidently disposed his less than 65 divisions, of which nearly half have by now been "severely battered," with his usual good sense. He has held the south, where the Rhine, the mountains and the Black Forest stand, lightly. He has held the center more strongly; the Aachen-Jülich area, where it took the Americans a bloody week to "mop up" a football stadium, still more strongly. But he is prepared apparently to mass the whole German nation at the north end of the line, where the German plain opens up across the lower Rhine and where, by a freak of history, no great campaign has been fought since the Roman Drusus conquered northwest Germany in 12 B. C.

Von Rundstedt is as cold, functional and masked as a pillbox. There is no personal dash in him; he does not swagger; he is no Rommel. But beyond the fact that he is a far deadlier foe than Rommel or any Nazi general could have been, von Rundstedt knots in his own person all the crucial clues to the German army, the Nazi state and the present undercover fight for power in

Germany, as well as an omen of the next war. He is a useful man to examine.

In June, when the invasion struck, he was in command on the Western Front. When St. Lô and Caen fell to the Allies, he advised withdrawal to the line of the Seine. Hitler and Rommel, von Rundstedt's subordinate, overruled him. Von Rundstedt was dismissed July 6 for "special duties" away from the front and replaced by a second-line Prussian, Field Marshal von Kluge, known as the "melancholy baby." Rumors of a plot against Hitler promptly filled the air and behind them, even more faintly, was breathed the name of von Rundstedt. There were renewed rumors that his aide, Colonel von Harbour, had gone to Lisbon and been shot. Suddenly there came the story of the bomb explosion at Berchtesgaden.

But von Rundstedt was not arrested. To the surprise of the outside world he was named cochairman of the Wehrmacht Court of Honor which dismissed the plotters from the army and handed them over to a Nazi people's court to be tried for treason. The plotters included at least two of his old friends, Field Marshal von Witzleben and Colonel General Ludwig Beck, chief of staff until 1938. Thus there came about the unprecedented and, to Germans, shocking spectacle of a Prussian field marshal—von Witzleben—being garroted in civilian clothes in public view.

No break appeared then in the inscrutability and the silence of Gerd von Rundstedt. The dead men had broken the sacred law of the Prussian officer corps; they had failed, they had been caught and they had compromised the honor of the army. The army washed them out and they understood. But they had not died for nothing. They had blasted into the open the enormous schism between Hitler and the Prussian officers who own the German army. Had they succeeded, their course probably would have been to seek a negotiated peace that would leave Germany and their caste strong enough for another comeback. Since they failed, their purpose became—as von Rundstedt's behavior showed—to pin the coming defeat on the Nazis, possibly to keep Hitler safe to sign the surrender before the Allies and the German people. Thus the honor of the army (meaning its officer corps) would be preserved for the next war. The Prussians certainly do not plan to destroy Germany by an endless guerrilla warfare. They want no *Götterdämmerung*. And if they try again to take power from the Nazis, the falling finger to give the signal will probably be that of the mysterious Field Marshal von Rundstedt.

The mystery surrounding von Rundstedt and the other generals of his caste comes from the tribal taboo among the aristocratic Prussians against being conspicuous, popular or impressive. Their code is: "Be more than you seem." Their compressed lips and harsh, ascetic-looking faces come from their unremitting effort to maintain this aloofness, to suppress emotion and look for the facts. They walk slowly and, despite the stiff-backed posture, with relaxation. They are usually very fit. It is almost unheard-of for them to be involved in public scandal, to marry for love out of their class or to do any-



always anxious to propagandize their intimacy with officers. Here (from the left) are von Bock, List, von Küchler, Blasko-

witz, Halder, von Kluge, von Reichenau; next, three admirals; then the Luftwaffe's Milch, Kesselring, Löhner and Jeschonnek.



Field Marshal von Rundstedt, as photographed about time war began, wears collar oak leaf of a general officer and his decorations.

thing spontaneous. They always wear gloves, wear their hair short, never carry packages and rarely wear spectacles but seem to hold their monocles in place without effort, even when mounting a horse or shooting. They are all agreed on a morality of self-discipline, silence, toughness and of constant planning for the acquisition of military power. The result has been certainly the ablest and most exclusive military caste that the world has lately seen, numbering perhaps 5,000 aristocrats from the northeastern corner of Germany. They regard with disguised contempt the Nazis, most of the rest of Germany and civilians everywhere. But they know how to wage war.

Von Rundstedt's importance is in direct proportion to his personal obscurity. There are only a few official photographs of him extant, no personal records, only brief and bare writings, very few public statements. His personal character, except for his consistent pessimism, is not known. Even his military views are not known. In 69 years there seem to have issued from the field marshal a great deal of silence and a certain number of acts.

The three chief acts of von Rundstedt

Of these latter the most spectacular were three. The first was his direction of the invasion of Poland from Slovakia, when his southern army group enveloped Poland's main armies west of Warsaw. The second was the invasion of France by his central army group, which tore through the Ardennes and Sedan, reached the English Channel in 11 days and forced the Belgian surrender and the British Dunkirk.

This was the maneuver that seemed at the time to have won the war. Yet of von Rundstedt's activities during its execution, only a few moments have been reported. He was seen standing on the bank of the Meuse, exposed to French machine-gun fire, watching the German pioneer detachments drowning in their sinking rubber boats, but at last making good the crossing. He stood there for some time, not speaking, watching the one all-essential operation, not liking the risk of the blitzkrieg but taking it coldly and precisely. When the crossing was made he went away.

The third act, against Russia, which he and the generals had opposed, led to the only impeccable campaign the Germans produced in Russia. When the Russian war began, von Rundstedt commanded the southern army group. At first he seemed to find slow going against the Russian Marshal Budenny. Then suddenly he hit with his left, toward Kiev. Next he swung south and trapped half an army at Uman. Then he swung around Kiev and destroyed most of another army. Meanwhile his two comrades to the north, Field Marshals von Bock and von Leeb, had failed in their drives on Moscow and Leningrad.

The generalship is of record. The character can be deduced to some extent from the official photographs. He seems to be a little under six feet tall,

extraordinarily erect, not especially wide-shouldered but well-built and lean. His eyes appear to be always wide open, like a turtle's, with the wrinkled bags under them. And below the ends of the long, grim, controlled mouth are the deep crisscross lines usually associated with hypocrisy. Nevertheless, the face of von Rundstedt has a gloomy integrity. It is fairly evident that he has no sense of guilt about anything. He does not dramatize himself or his importance. He is as grimly relaxed as any man who knows that he is merely carrying to their apotheosis the triumph or tragedy of forces greater than himself and who does not especially care whether he himself is killed in course. In this he is very much the product of old Prussia. He is what his ancestors have told him to be.

Gerd von Rundstedt's family is latterly from Brandenburg and it can trace itself back to the 12th Century. It is part of the Uradel, the nobility documented before 1400. The first member mentioned is a Berengarus de Ronstede in 1123. The name means Round City or Fortress and it was originally Swedish. It was somewhat after 1626 that a paternal ancestor arrived with Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden when the Swedish armies were reducing what we now know as East Prussia, but which was then subject to the kings of Poland.

The overlords of this territory were the descendants of the Teutonic Knights, a military religious order of many races, ruling a peasant population of Roman Catholic Slavs. The other Swedish invaders were, like the von Rundstedts, absorbed by this ruling class.

These "Prussian" ancestors of von Rundstedt are unique in Europe. Unlike the Germans who conquered France as Franks, they had not permitted themselves to marry into the subject population. The Slavs and Balts who survive as peasants still kiss the sleeves of the lords and take off their shoes when they enter the great houses. The foreign overlords have, historically, taken over the name of Prussian but they are of many races and admixtures: German, Slav, Swede, Mongol, Balt, even Scottish, English and French. Von Hindenburg's head was pure Balt. Von Leeb's and those of the Keyserling family show Mongol signs. The face of von Rundstedt seems to be a mixture of Swede and Balt.

In the 17th Century the electors of Brandenburg acquired the small province of Prussia, thereby starting more than they knew. In 1701 Elector Frederick III dropped the name of Brandenburg and called himself "King in Prussia" for the sake of the title of king. The Prussian Junkers made trouble at first, but they then decided to take over the army of Brandenburg-Prussia. The von Rundstedts enrolled in the army of the elector's grandson, Frederick the Great, not only their younger sons, but their eldest son as well. There was no other career in old Prussia, a land of sandy farms and pastures and virtually no trades. Under Frederick a combat lieutenant outranked a king's counselor and the men were canaille, trained to fear their officers



Prussian triumph was recognized in 1940 when Erwin Job von Witzleben (second from right) was given his field marshal's baton after Battle of France. Last year he began conspiring against Hitler.



Prussian humiliation came Aug. 7, 1944, when von Witzleben, drummed out of army by von Rundstedt's court, was handed to people's court. He admitted implication in bomb plot, was garroted.

THE LAST PRUSSIAN (continued)

more than they feared the enemy. To the slow-blooded Prussians, such as the von Rundstedts, Frederick was an equivocal, feared, admired and mysterious figure.

An appalling insult came to these Prussians when Napoleon overthrew them at the battle of Friedland. For a time the enlarged Prussia was an unwilling ally of France. During this time there came about the celebrated "treason of Tauroggen," when a Prussian general violated the orders of the king and refused to assist Napoleon's armies. The Prussian officers, including von Rundstedt's great-grandfather, a lieutenant colonel, were almost alone in defying the hated French. The outcome was a spiritual revival in old Prussia that contributed to the ultimate defeat of Napoleon.

However, it was largely non-Prussians who founded the General Staff Corps that eventually took over Bismarck's three wars, against Denmark, Austria and France. Only then did the von Rundstedts and the other Prussian families begin to take notice of the General Staff. Their self-imposed role was to run the German army. If it was necessary to become a military intellectual to do so, they were ready to take on the job. They swarmed into the corps. It was during that period that Gerd von Rundstedt grew up.

Like his ancestors and his three brothers, Gerd turned naturally to the army. At the age of 12 he enrolled in the savage, aristocratic cadets' school at Grosslichterfelde in 1887. The roster nearly always included a von Kleist, a von Bülow, a von Bock, a von Winterstein, a von Wedel, a von Rundstedt.

These boys had all gone hunting with their fathers in search of stag, elk and wild swans and they knew the big, nearly extinct bustards of old Prussia. They knew also that their fathers permitted only Junker candidates to stand for elections in East and West Prussia, in Pomerania and Silesia.

Unlike military schools elsewhere, Lichterfelde did not train boys for the army; it trained them for war. They were taught primarily to endure pain, to learn self-control, to root out self-pity, to remain calm always. Gerd learned his lessons so well that in 1940, reproached for his cold heart, he said, "Certainly we think earnestly of the dead, but we do not mourn."

At 17 he became an ensign in the 83rd Infantry, transferred as a lieutenant to the 171st in Upper Alsace and arrogantly called himself the "pocket

edition of a chief of staff." His father had been commander at Sedan in 1870 and had taken orders from the General Staff. Gerd determined to get on the General Staff. He did so by 1909.

In 1902 he had married Luise Agathe Marie von Götz, of a family as fanatically military and Prussian as his own. His wife's mother was a von Schlotheim, a name so ridiculously noble that it is widely used in cheap German fiction to designate an aristocrat, much as Vere de Vere would be used in English fiction. He had one son, who became a Ph.D. and, as a corporal, was captured last January in Italy.

When World War I broke out, Gerd had been posted back to the line to the 171st, and he and his regiment distinguished themselves in the small battles of Alberschwiller and Meurthe at the hinge of the German line then swinging across Belgium, in August 1914. He was awarded the Iron Cross and summoned to General Staff headquarters in Berlin. It is thought that he served for a time in Turkey, for another time under the Crown Prince as chief of staff of the XVth Army Corps at Verdun (which must have dismayed him), in Flanders, at Passchendaele and in Champagne against the Americans. He ended the war as a major.

The second Prussian renaissance

Gerd von Rundstedt may have been only a hard Prussian aristocrat until then, but his education was beginning. The German mass army was wiped out, the General Staff Corps was abolished and the cadet schools were closed, all by order of the enemy. The time had come for another Prussian revival, not this time an open spiritual renaissance, but a secret, strictly military conspiracy. The men who took charge were the descendants of the 1807 elite.

Von Rundstedt was among them. Their major problem was to think deeply about the next war. Only among these barons from the sand dunes of northeastern Germany, these scholars of the War Academy and the General Staff School, these erect and barren men in whom nothing but the thought of war remains, is this done thoroughly between wars.

The problem was not too difficult. The victors were psychologically disarmed by the "democratic" Weimar Republic. The power was kept, secretly, in the hands of the army as always. What the army needed was a mass-base of war spirit in the German people, to be drummed up by a political party. This the Nazis luckily provided. The plans for the next war were prepared by the

disguised perpetuation of the General Staff, the Allgemeine Truppenamt under Ludwig Beck who, to nobody's surprise, was openly named chief of staff in 1935.

In the years between 1920 and 1936 the Prussian aristocrats once again monopolized the officer corps of the German army (67% old families, 95% "socially eligible"), not to speak of the General Staff Corps. Only gentlemen could be trusted to continue every day violating their oath to the Republic in the illegal rearmament of Germany. The career of von Rundstedt through this time of chaos gives an insight into Germany's solid centers of continuous, unchallenged stability.

The Prussians were not loyal to the government. They said they did not mix in politics, but actually they did not believe in the validity of politics, meaning the will of the people. They said they were loyal to "the nation," meaning if anything themselves.

Von Rundstedt was incorporated in the invisible General Staff in 1920 as a lieutenant colonel. His job was to study and report on the strategic causes of defeat. His conclusions were that latent English seapower would always win a long war against a continental nation and that Germany should have returned to mobile warfare in 1915 rather than in 1918, when it was too late.

After three years of this he was made chief of staff of the 3rd Cavalry Division, stationed in Thuringia. His job there was to suppress Communists and run an election. He did it so well that Thuringia became a reactionary stronghold. Next year, in 1924, he appeared as chief of staff of Army District II at Stettin, in his own east German bailiwick of Pomerania. After this heart-warming reunion he was transferred in 1925, as commander of the 18th Infantry Division, to west Germany, to Charlemagne's city of Paderborn. His corollary job there was to draw up plans of maneuver for the General Staff, still invisible, and to continue his studies of war. In 1927 he moved to the larger west German rail center of Kassel, as chief of staff of Group Command II. In 1929 he was a lieutenant general and commander of the 2nd Cavalry Division at Breslau, the capital of the Prussian province of Silesia. This was ostensibly a comedown. But in 1931 he shot to the top. He became commander of the all-important Third Military District of Berlin. At the critical point in modern German politics he sat at the center of action, holding all the real power. His hand is therefore to be assumed in the events that followed.

Chancellor Brüning had two fatal plans at this

moment. One was to break up the 2,000 great estates of the Prussian aristocrats of east Germany and give them to the peasants. The other was to demolish the Storm Trooper formations of the Nazis. Instead, the army and the Nazis broke Brüning.

Before the dismissal of Brüning by President Hindenburg, von Rundstedt was the go-between who brought together the great political intriguer of the army, General von Schleicher, and the next chancellor, von Papen. Thereupon von Rundstedt took the last step up and became commander in chief of Group I, which controlled Berlin and Brandenburg, the heart of Germany. As such, when von Papen ordered the dissolution of the Social Democratic government of Prussia in the teeth of the well-armed Prussian police, it was von Rundstedt's job under martial law to get the Prussian ministers out from behind their barricades without shooting. He is said to have first asked von Hindenburg for guarantees of the personal safety of the ministers. Then he wrote a letter. They returned it, pointing out a misspelling and a wrong date. He patiently corrected the errors and returned the letter with a lieutenant and a platoon. The Prussian ministers gave in. Von Rundstedt is quoted as having said later that the whole delicate operation had not cost him ten minutes' sleep.

Soon after, Hitler came into power. It was von Rundstedt who, as army chief in the Berlin area, had the military force to stop the Nazis' seizure of power. He did not use it. The implications of that fact undoubtedly still have weight today. But it is obvious enough that von Rundstedt and the generals wanted Hitler, believed they could control him and paid small attention to the Nazi "aims," which to them were just one more politician's mess of pottage. Von Rundstedt, however, declined to accept the Nazi leaders socially.

Once again, in June 1934, the army and Hitler found an area of agreement when von Schleicher and the Storm Troopers' leader, Ernst Röhm, were supposed to have hatched a plot to merge the army and the Storm Troopers (the Brown Shirts whom von Rundstedt called "brown dirt") and take the power from Hitler. The plot brought on the blood purge of June 1934, which murdered von Rundstedt's friend von Schleicher. At the last minute Göring is supposed to have told von Rundstedt about it, asking for the use of troops. These von Rundstedt refused but is said to have supplied weapons with the proviso that they were returnable to army arsenals by July 5. They were returned on time.

Not quite a year later Hitler decreed the formation of 12 army corps formed of 36 divisions. A general could not have asked for better. Von Rundstedt became extremely busy.

He was helping to remake the German army. Calm and resolute

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The conquest of south Russia is explained to Hitler by von Rundstedt (right) in 1941. Hitler, however, had conceived the disastrous plan to overwhelm Russia in one rush.



"I'm Just Back from Overseas!"

"The boys were mighty glad to see me—and blessed all you folks for sending me over.

"They said thanks, too, to the eleven thousand men and women of Reliance who are doing a great job on the home front—patriotically engaged in war production—working for Victory in twenty-two plants throughout America."

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Which *Santa Claus* do you believe in ?



1. SOME PEOPLE believe only what they see. But the trouble is, they don't see everything clearly....Their eyes are tired, strained, neglected. Result? This kind of half-seeing—as untruthful as it is uncomfortable.

2. OTHER PEOPLE don't believe what they see, for they know that their eyes often play tricks on them. Eyes do, you know, when they're strained by glare or overwork or neglect...or troubled by outgrown lenses.



3. ALL PEOPLE can benefit from the skills and services of Ophthalmologists, Optometrists, Dispensing Opticians. Eyes that get professional care *regularly* are comfortable and sure of what they see. When was the last time *your* eyes were examined?



R Prescribed to make seeing more comfortable by absorbing over-brightness. Slightly flesh-toned, less conspicuous, better looking

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Hitler's General Staff which largely ran the war until this autumn, was not the kind that Prussian staff officers would choose. It included all sorts of miscellaneous experts.

THE LAST PRUSSIAN (continued)

among the airpower fanatics and the tank fanatics, he judged correctly that in this era the infantry was still the queen of battles. He increased the armament of an infantry company to the strength of an old-time regiment and he reorganized the infantry's mobility tables so that a unit could move at four or 40 miles an hour. He had schools for noncommissioned officers set up and he called out a revival of initiative in small units. His tactics became highly visible in 1944 in Normandy where single squads and even lone snipers roamed about at will for weeks, out of contact with their commanders.

There is silence, then, until January 1938, when the hidden battle for control of the army came into the open between those two absolute monarchs, the Nazis and the generals. Commander in Chief von Fritsch called in 18 generals and told them about the marriage of War Minister von Blomberg (a Prussian but Hitler's puppet) to a humble young woman alleged to have been immoral. It was von Rundstedt and his old superior, Baron Kress von Kressenstein, who were the ones to move the dismissal of Blomberg. Since Hitler had been witness at the wedding, this was a pretty clear-cut showdown.

Von Rundstedt's two retirements

Hitler answered by firing both von Blomberg and von Fritsch, accepting the resignations of a dozen generals, abolishing the post of War Minister (which he took himself) and making von Brauchitsch commander in chief. Von Rundstedt resigned with the others.

Himmler tried to make matters sharper by bringing all sorts of unpleasant charges against von Fritsch. There is a story that he arrested von Fritsch, whereupon von Rundstedt's officers surrounded the detention villa and arrested Himmler. On the demand of von Rundstedt and the other generals, a tribunal of honor in April vindicated von Fritsch, but Hitler had outmaneuvered the generals. By this time the army numbered 18 corps, 51 divisions and 2,000,000 men, and had just taken over Austria. Von Rundstedt was taken back, but retired again on account of age, being then 63. He was given the great courtesy of honorary command of the 18th Infantry Regiment, which he had last seen at Paderborn in 1927. A year later he was recalled to active duty again for the Polish campaign, with results that we have already seen.

His behavior toward Russia during the attack on Finland the following winter was interesting. He ostentatiously attended services for Finns in Berlin and contributed money to the Swedish collection for the Finns. These acts doubtless did not disturb Stalin much, but what did was von Rundstedt's and von Bock's massing of German armor on the Russian border, tying up the best Soviet divisions.

Then came the great invasion of Russia. It reached its preliminary climax in October 1941, when it was clear that the quick and only possible victory had eluded Hitler and the generals. The Russian field forces had escaped and the general mobilization had been safely completed. Commander in Chief von Brauchitsch is reported to have called the generals to a meeting in his field headquarters. Hitler was not expected, but he showed up with his own chief of staff, General Jodl. The generals were cool, correct and ironic toward the two Austrians. They had been saddled with one of the greatest flops in history, even as the huge Rabelaisian boasts were echoing in the Nazi press and the neutral military experts had given up Russia for lost. Hitler had a brief case of new and yet more wonderful plans. The generals grew cooler and more ironic. At length it was decided, too late, to concentrate on Moscow. The generals were not hopeful.

Von Rundstedt was there, but presently, since he was the one who was always talking about the Western Front as the major menace, he was assigned to it. He was stonily aloof toward the French aristocracy, unlike most of the German officers, and won their respect as a lonely Prussian on an iccap of his own pride. There he was when the invasion came on June 6, 1944.

When, a month after the invasion, Hitler dismissed von Rundstedt, the position of the Prussian officer corps became dramatic. He had got rid of von Schleicher, von Fritsch, von Bock, von Brauchitsch, von Leeb, von Witzleben, von Wietersheim, von Kleist, von Mackensen, von Sponeck, von Falkenhausen and now finally old von Rundstedt.

But still he was obliged to call on their blood brothers, von Kluge, von Kuchler, von Busch, von Falkenhorst, von Blaskowitz, von Schweppenburg, von Kesselring, von Manstein, von Weichs, von Henneken, Lindeman, Zeitzler. As fast as he pushed Prussians under, they rose around him, two for one. Then, for the Court of Honor to try the generals who plotted the Hitler bombing, Hitler recalled the old man himself, von Rundstedt. And again, in his extremity, when the Americans had raced through the German lines in August, he was obliged to recall in mid-September the same "most dangerous man in Germany."

The character of von Rundstedt, as shown by his life, has carried military obedience and repression to an extreme point of personal treachery and class self-destruction. He may possibly be remembered as the ablest general of this war. He is certainly not afraid of Hitler or afraid of death. Yet he has repeatedly carried out Hitler's orders with the same rigid, turtle-eyed composure, just as though he were awaiting his hour, as though he knew that the Prussians could not possibly lose, as though a few or many dead men were of no consequence, as though the von Rundstedts were in the last hour omnipotent.

Our only remaining recourse is to study von Rundstedt in his military acts. A few observations can be made. His operations were always simple. He did one thing at a time. He sometimes took risks. Each local stroke led to a larger, strategic stroke. All three offensive campaigns show the lessons of Cannae, the battle in which Hannibal in 216 B.C. first applied the "double envelopment" to a Roman general named Paulus (von Paulus was the German field marshal captured at Stalingrad, but the original Paulus got away). The great Prussians—Frederick the Great, von Clausewitz, von Schlieffen, von Rundstedt—have always believed in fighting Cannae, battles that accomplish the maximum with the minimum force.

To the von Rundstedts, who think about war always, war is the "perfect act of violence." It is the great drama in human civilization, the supreme murder mystery composed in the music of pure action, abstract death and the whole orchestra of economics, science, culture and human societies.

Yet to meet him out of uniform you would be disarmed. He would seem merely a respectable, hard-faced old gentleman. He would be reserved and polite, courtly toward his wife. There has never been any scandal in the field marshal's life. He would go to a Lutheran church on Sunday. He might, though it is unlikely, show you his collection of epaulets and buttons of the world's armies or even play over his collection of phonograph records of military marches. He certainly would not discuss war, the subject of death in large numbers, which would have for him the dustiness of shop talk. He would look at you evenly, with the controlled face and the hooded eyes, and he would be thinking about the next war.



Captured German officers march down Moscow's Gorky Street. From Russia several dozen captive German generals have lately repudiated Hitler's strategy and leadership.

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TWO JOBS—
AND HAVE
ENERGY FOR
FUN



"And am I thankful my
DOCTOR advised me to take VIMMS"



"What—me in a war job? I hesitated at first, afraid that full-time war work on top of household duties would be too much for me. My Doctor advised me to take Vimms, to make sure I get the vitamins and minerals I need."



"I breeze through a day on the assembly line. It's certainly a great feeling—holding an interesting war job, learning something new, meeting other women in war work, and knowing right along you have the ENERGY to take it!"



"I've energy for fun, too! Thanks to my three Vimms daily, I'm sure of getting the vitamins and minerals that I need to help keep my natural pep."

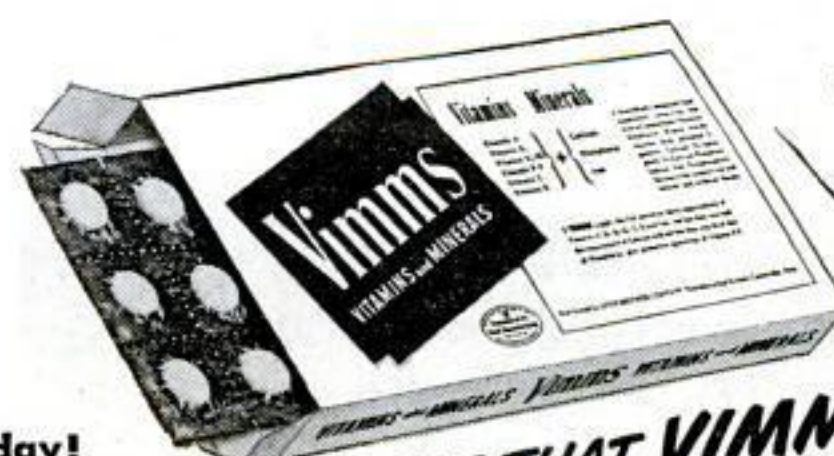
**ALL THE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS
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Yes, Vimms give you all the vitamins Doctors and Government experts agree are essential in the diet. And more... most vitamin products contain no minerals—but Vimms do!

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No product offering only one tablet or capsule per day can give you all the vitamins and minerals in the Vimms formula. That's why Vimms come in three tablets per day.

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Listen to: "THE COMEDY THEATRE" Sunday evenings NBC, and "WHICH IS WHICH?" Wednesday evenings CBS.



GUY HOWARD SETS OUT DOWN AN OZARK ROAD TO VISIT HIS MANY FRIENDS IN THE WOODED HILLS AROUND LUTIE, MO., 16 MILES FROM HIS HOME PARISH AT GAINESVILLE

WALKIN' PREACHER OF THE OZARKS

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL WRITES OF HIS LIFE OF SERVICE AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE HILLS

Guy Howard of Newbern, Iowa, a minister of the Christian Church, walked into the Ozark country more than 12 years ago to preach and teach school at Mulberry Hill. At first the natives of these rocky hills of Missouri and Arkansas viewed him with the hillman's suspicion of "furriners." Some even burned his schoolhouse down. But gradually Howard managed to win the hill folk over. In *Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks* (Harper, \$2.50), a valuable addition to American folklore, Guy Howard tells how he did it.

In parts of the Ozarks the natives are often as poor as the soil of their worn-out fields and scrub-oak pastures, but they are also as proud, independent and deeply religious as were their pioneer ancestors who migrated from Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky more than a century ago. Brother Howard really won them over when he started preaching in all the little hill communities that could not afford to hire a regular minister. He makes his rounds on foot, averaging 3,000 miles a year and collections of \$14 a month,

his only income until early sales of *Walkin' Preacher* brought him \$1,000. Says Brother Howard, "I expect to make about \$10,000 before this thing is done and it's all going back into the Ozarks."

Preacher Howard baptizes the hill people, takes part in their socials, buries their old folks and discourages the general consumption of mountain corn. Perhaps no "furriner" has ever been more completely accepted by the people of the Ozarks than the Walkin' Preacher whom LIFE shows on these pages.



Preacher's first call is made on Mrs. Roy Brown. She keeps right on with her Monday wash while he chats with her and her small boy in the Ozark sunshine. Mrs. Brown is only 17, but

Ozark girls get "tied up" young. Preacher finds the best way to reach Ozark menfolk is to invite their wives to church. Ozarkians call this shrewd practice "plowin' with th' heifer."



Dinner with Mrs. Mary Herd, 77, is rare treat for Mr. Howard. No one prepares a better Ozark meal of cured ham and striped gravy, mustard greens and cornbread baked "plumb perfect."



Thirsty preacher bends over for a drink from a big spring. The springs of the earth flow more freely from the limestone hills of the Ozarks than they do anywhere else on Continent.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69



"Who knows this human jungle better

*than I? Who ever fought more bitterly to survive in it?
To have had some talent . . . and to be a woman . . . in mas-
culine eyes something slightly better than a head of cattle. I
buried the woman . . . wore trousers to remind them I was equal
. . . yes, and fully as moral as they were . . . no more, no less!*

*Maybe you think it cost the woman nothing to do it
. . . year after year . . . in the face of contempt and slander! But
there was the reward to remember. I ruled my own life...and
what I set out to do, I did!"*

—The fabulous Madame George Sand . . .
in Sidney Buchman's screenplay.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A Sidney Buchman Production

A Song to Remember

starring

Paul
MUNI  *Merle*
OBERON

with **CORNEL WILDE**
NINA FOCH · GEORGE COULOURIS

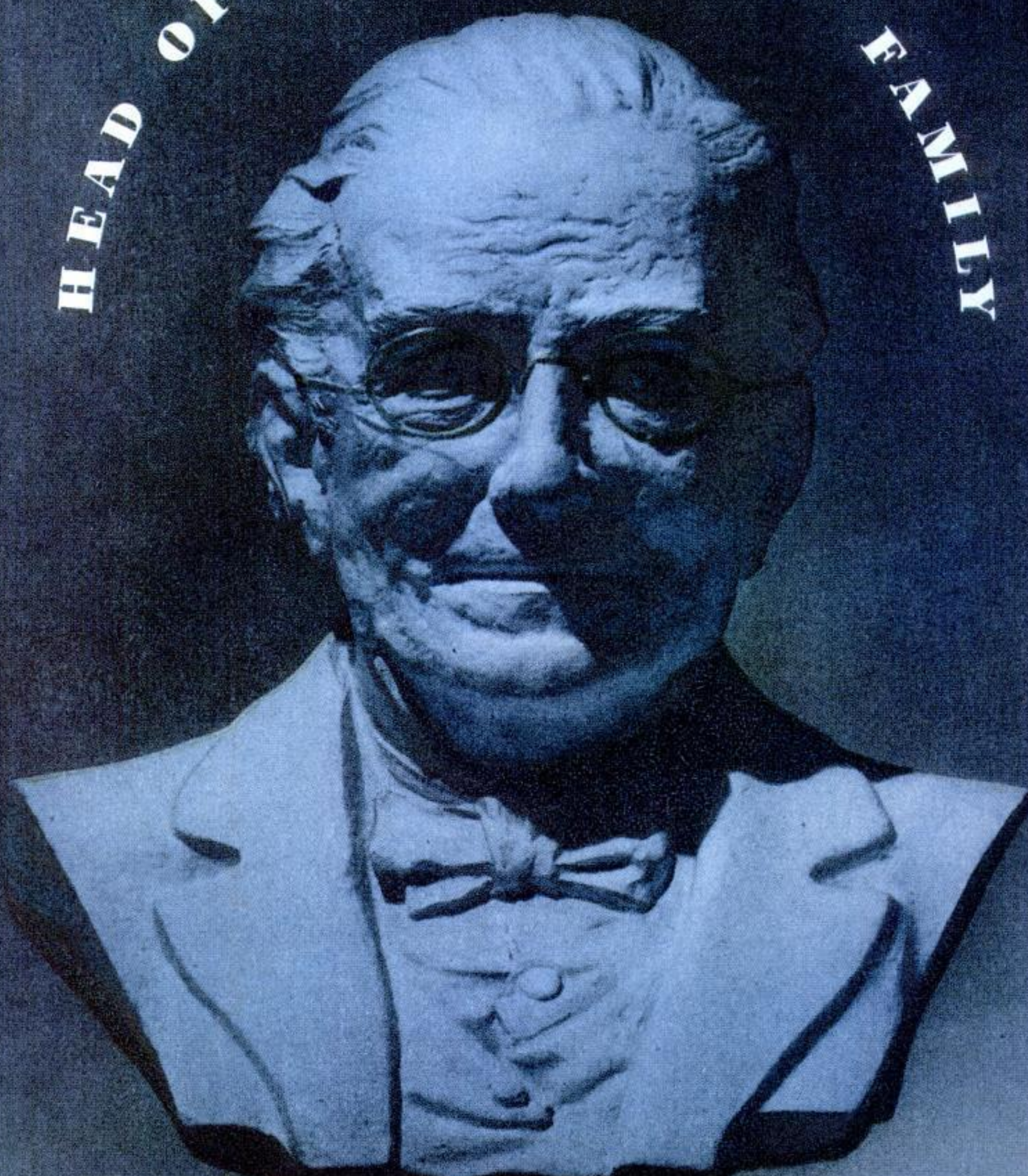
Screen Play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by **CHARLES VIDOR**



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A new miracle of
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OLD GRAND-DAD



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At the New Hope social Preacher Howard (right) watches Farmer Everett Baker being bottle-fed because he has been voted "biggest

baby." The hill folk also gave a pickle to most lovesick couple. All Ozark social life revolves around preacher and church meetings.



Services at Hog Danger are conducted by Preacher Howard in the schoolhouse, for like many hill communities Hog Danger has no

church. Brother Howard's delivery is milder than most hill revivalists', but he bears down when text is "The wages of sin is death."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



CONRAD NAGEL, shown here in a scene from "Tomorrow the World," says: "My face is usually sensitive from removing make-up. To get close, smooth shaves without soreness, I use Williams Shaving Cream."

ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive

*—that's why Conrad Nagel
shaves with soothing
WILLIAMS*

TAKING OFF stage make-up can be a slow, painful process —yet actors have to do it after every performance. It's no wonder that their faces are extra sensitive to any trace of irritants in shaving cream.

A shaving cream can be truly gentle to the tender skin only when it is made of mild, top-quality ingredients—blended together as carefully as a doctor's prescription. That's the way Williams Shaving Cream is made—with a skill resulting from over one hundred years' experience.

Smooth, comfortable shaves

Williams is easy on your face. Its creamy, super-soaking lather softens tough whiskers *completely*—lets your razor do its work quickly and smoothly. You can get close, clean shaves without scrape or irritation.

Get a tube of Williams Shaving Cream today. See if it doesn't give you the smoothest, most comfortable shaves you've ever enjoyed.



Every essential
writing feature
of pens costing
twice as much...
in the new



The new VENUS President Fountain Pen is tomorrow's post-war pen value today! Smooth writing. Quick starting. Large 14 Karat gold point, *iridium* tipped. Handsome two-toned colors or solid black. See it. Try it. Enjoy every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much—plus the VENUS Guarantee—for only \$3⁵⁰.

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Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

VENUS

Walkin' Preacher (continued)



Brother Howard's home is a cabin on an Ozark hilltop overlooking Missouri town of Gainesville. He brought his wife and children here to Cedar Crest Lodge in 1943.



All the Howard family listen to their Ozark hired girl, Blanch Long, as she sings and plays *Barbara Allen* on her "git-tar." Ozarkians know lots of old English ballads.



The preacher's boots are always rubbed with neat's-foot oil to soften them for his next hill trip. "When I die," says Guy Howard, "I hope to go wearin' my walkin' shoes."



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Real
ORANGES
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wanted!

CHRISTMAS

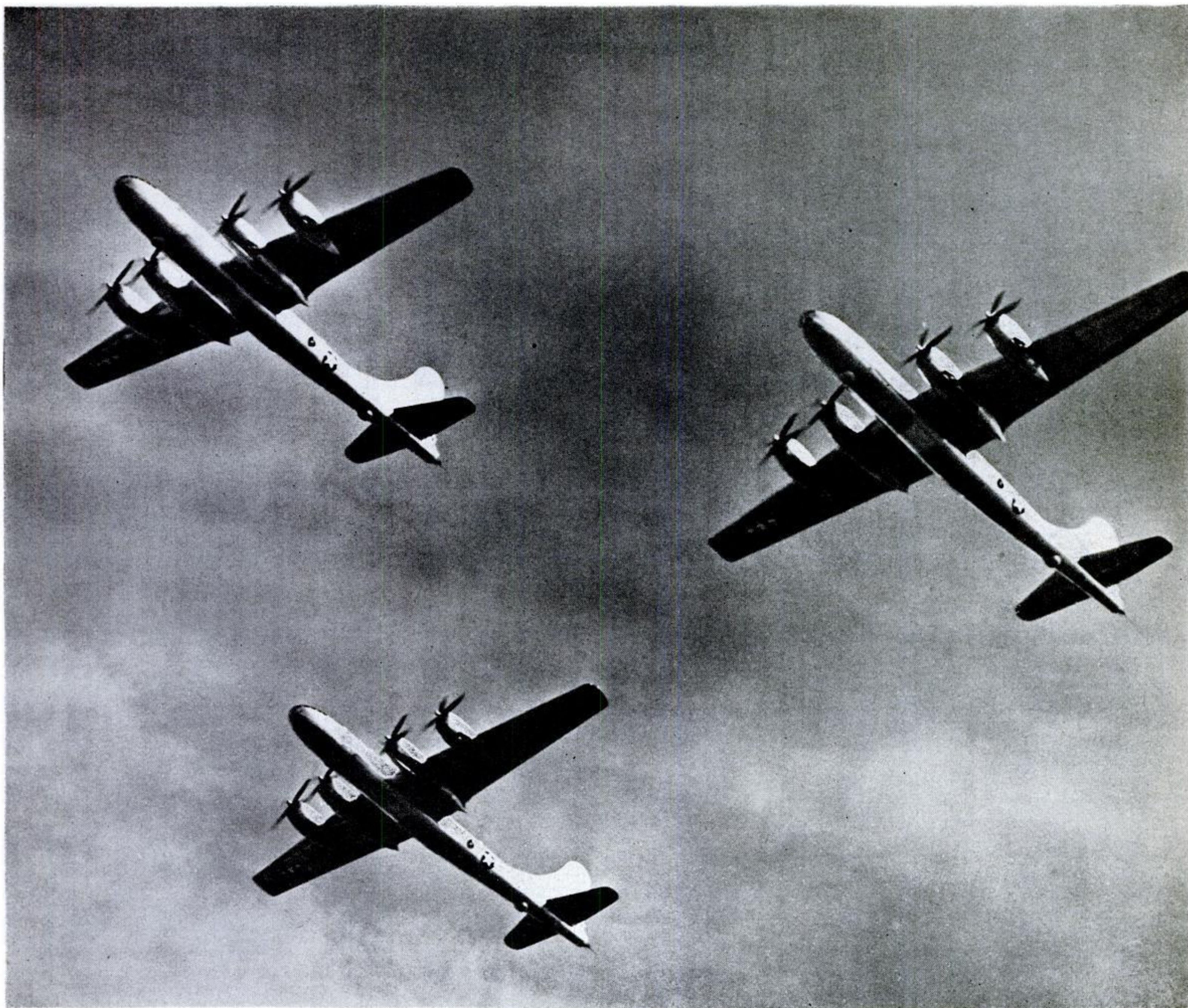
WRAPPINGS

Every scrap of paper, every piece of cardboard of your Christmas wrappings should be salvaged and turned in to make new paper and cardboard for our Armed Forces.

Paper is America's Number 1 shortage. The Armed Forces use a vast amount.

With the stepped-up tempo of the war, more and more paper is required, for packing and wrapping munitions, foods, blood plasma, medicine, and other supplies. And with so many lumbermen in either the Armed Forces or in war plants, the production of wood pulp, from which paper is made, has dropped to a dangerous low. But this impasse can be met—by our salvaging every available bit of paper and cardboard.

You can give valuable help by turning in your Christmas wrappings and all other paper . . . and by accepting unwrapped packages whenever possible.



Finish the Fight—with War Bonds

Only the beginning

All the Free World has thrilled to the news of Boeing B-29 raids on Japan. They were just the beginning. More Superfortresses are on the way . . . many, many more!

Back of the B-29 is one of the most gigantic manufacturing programs ever placed behind any weapon of war. And Boeing brings to the task the same manufacturing philosophy that shattered all airplane production records in the output of Boeing Flying Fortresses.

The Boeing Superfortress is being built largely by people who never worked on production lines

before; drug clerks and housewives, farmers and truck drivers, school girls and grandfathers.

But such things, of course, don't "just happen." The efficient use of previously unskilled people is a by-product of production planning and organizing.

At Boeing this planning starts with the original conception of a new design and encompasses all functions of its production. It is a *basic consideration* which results in simplifying the manufacture of a complex product and, as in the case of the Superfortress, permits it to be produced in quantity by previously unskilled people.

Plans developed by Boeing now guide the entire over-all production program in dozens of other co-operating plants including those of Bell and Martin, which are also turning out completed Boeing B-29's. This program was patterned after the highly successful co-operative plan under which Douglas and Lockheed plants have built and will continue to build Boeing B-17's.

Once the war is over, Boeing methods of research, design, engineering and manufacture will be turned to peacetime products. And they will insure that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE NEW B-29 SUPER FORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



FOUR SERVICEMEN TALK WITH FARAWAY HOMES OR FRIENDS IN THE PUBLIC TELEPHONE CENTER'S NEAT BLUE BOOTHS

Life Visits a G I Phone Center

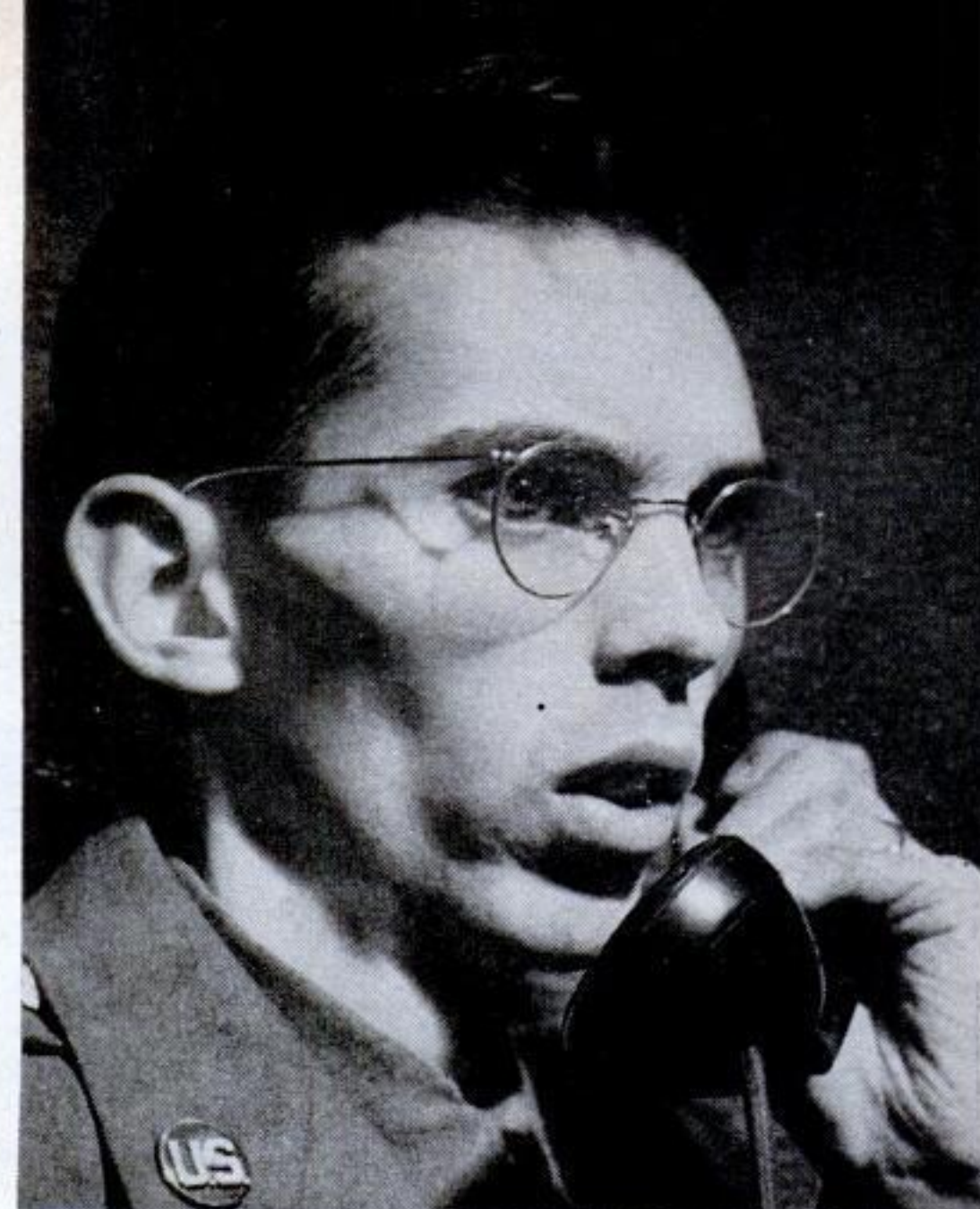
Busy Times Square station handles hundreds of calls home each night

More than a year ago the New York Telephone Company set up in Times Square the world's biggest telephone center for servicemen. It selected that crowded spot in New York City because servicemen pouring into Times Square for amusement found themselves lonesome for familiar voices and clogged the district's telephone booths with long-distance calls. An average of 700 men a day have since telephoned families and friends in every state, Canada, Brazil, Cuba, Curaçao and Hawaii and filled the center with the poignant drama of the wanderer long gone from home.

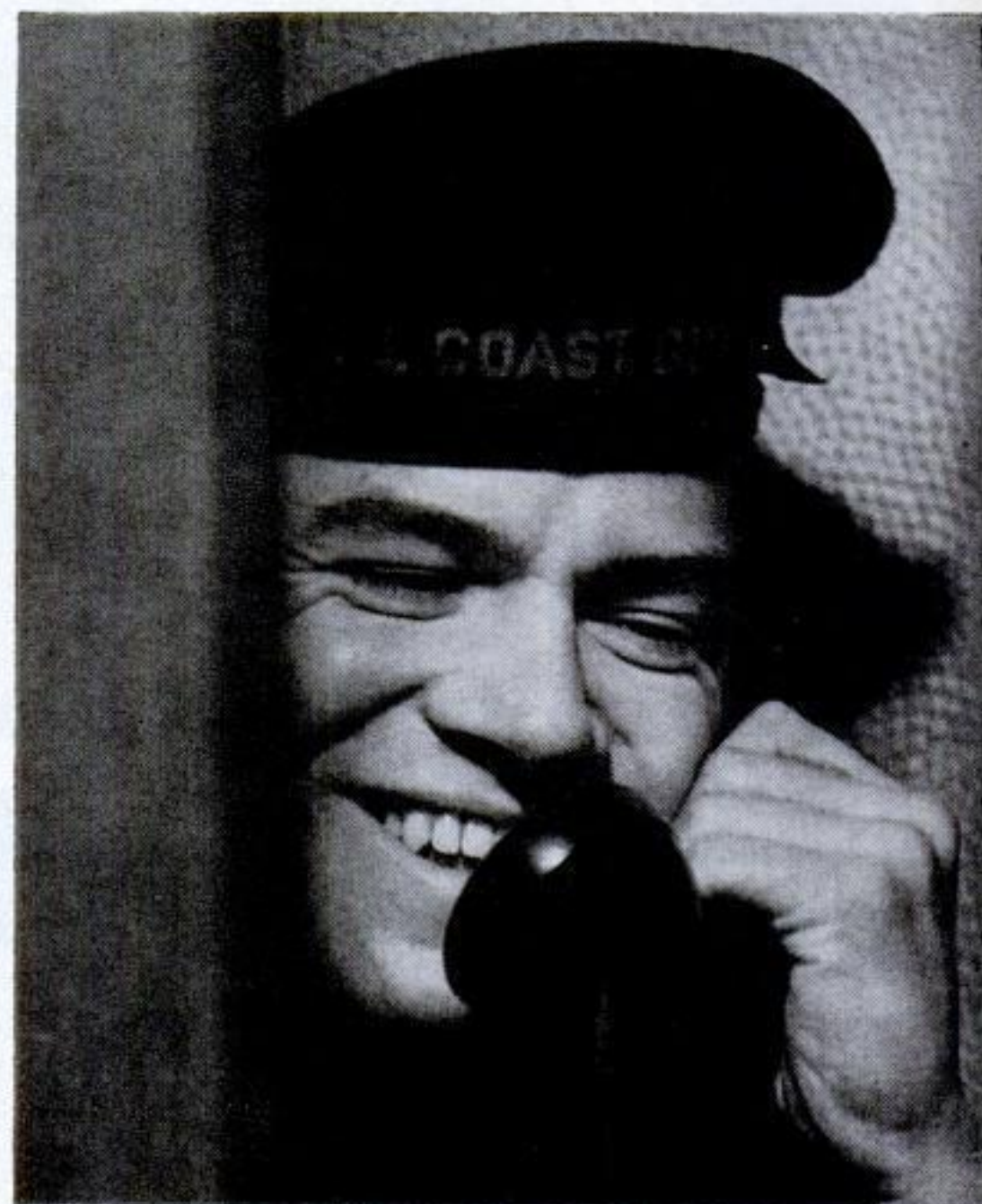
Now and again a boy just back from overseas sits in panic for hours, not daring to make the call he has so long anticipated for fear a girl won't be glad to hear from him or that a grievous wound will make a difference. Another bursts from a booth yelling, "Hey!

I'm a father!" then suddenly remembers he forgot to ask the sex of his new baby. A lad reported missing finds himself too upset to call friends and report the simple, stark fact that he is alive. Nightly hundreds of mothers, wives, sweethearts are assured that their men are safe and thinking of them.

This is accomplished with a battery of operators skilled in locating remote telephones, 22 long-distance booths and a waiting-room lounge from which servicemen write 20,000 letters and 15,000 postcards each month. There is also a file of 134 telephone directories from the major U. S. cities—a particular attraction to the 475,000 servicemen and women who have visited the center. Homesick youngsters are continually coming in just to warm themselves by reading their fathers' names in home-town telephone books.



Surprise registers on the countenance of Pvt. Paul Willison as he talks from the phone center to his wife in Kalamazoo, Mich.

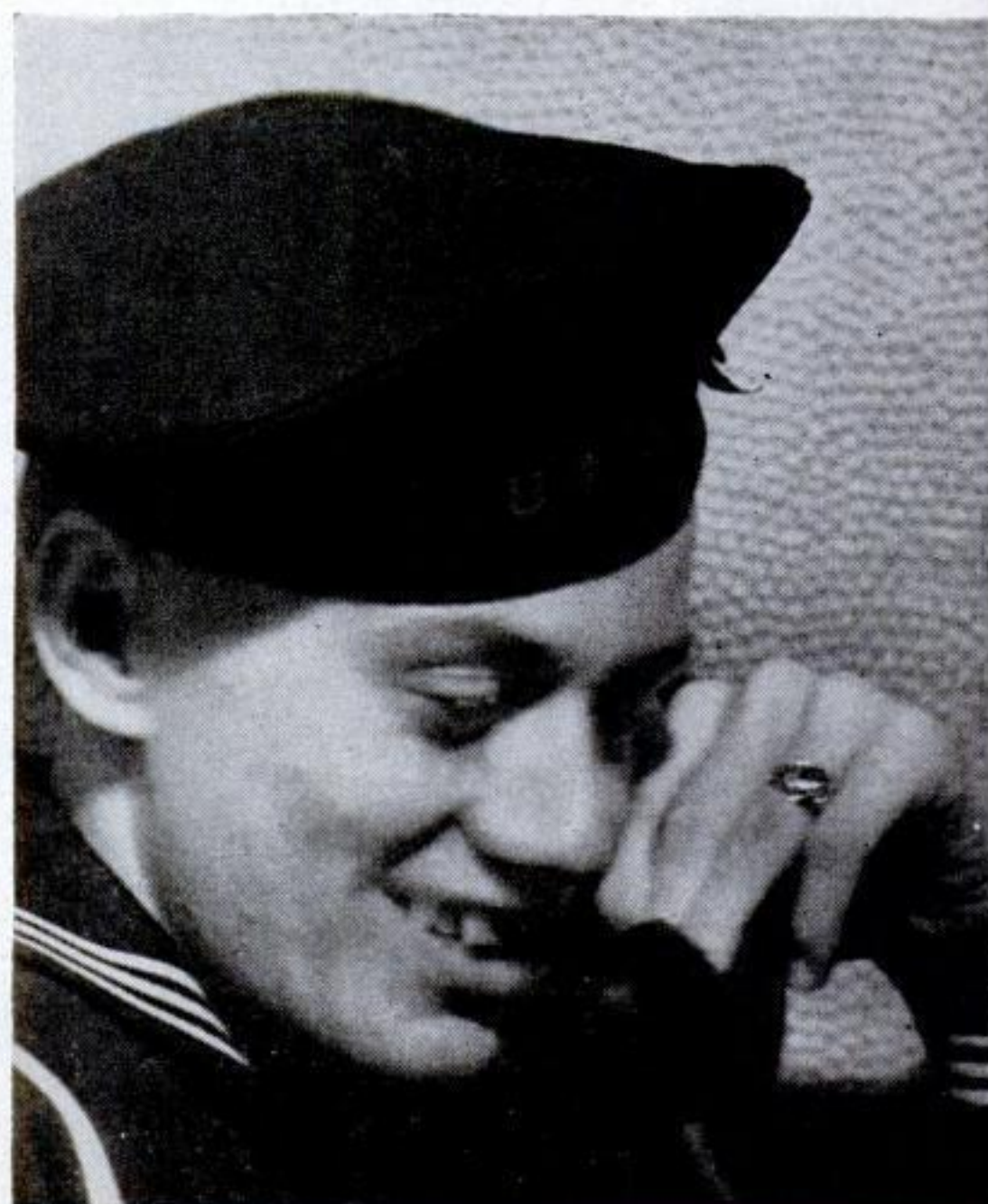


Delight is spread all over the face of S 1/c Clarence H. Causey, USCGR, as he gets home report from his wife in Asheboro, N.C.



Efficient routine speeds the scores of calls hourly. GIs place calls (top), pay cashiers at either end of middle desk, then go

to booths. If the calls are delayed, they await word from announcer (between the cashiers). At bottom are the operators.



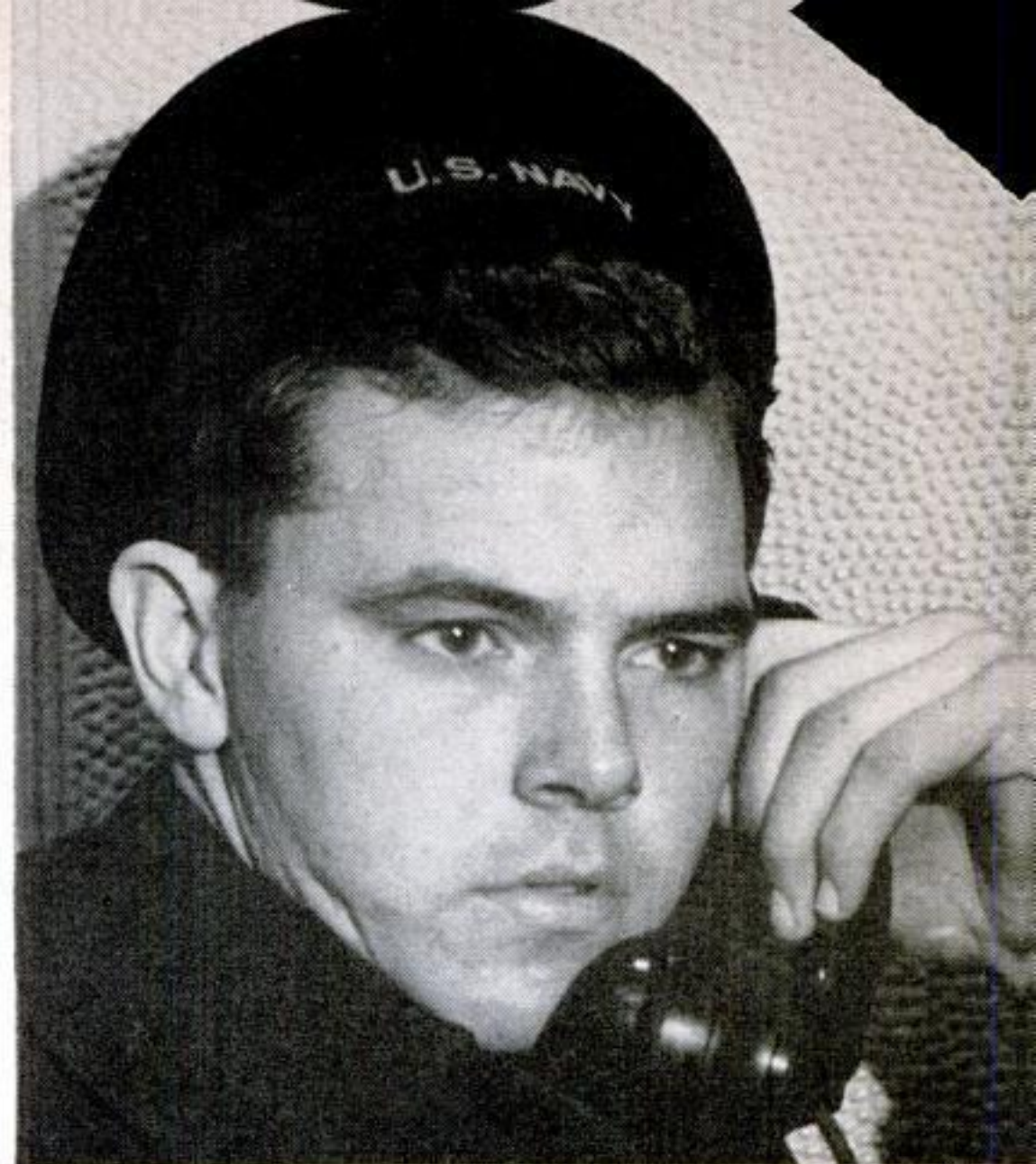
Pleasure exudes from S 1/c John Mains, talking to his mother in Chicago. They talk so often center operators know her, too.



Happiness brightens S 2/c Louis A. Woisard as, unable to get home for weekend, he talks with his folk in Danielson, Conn.



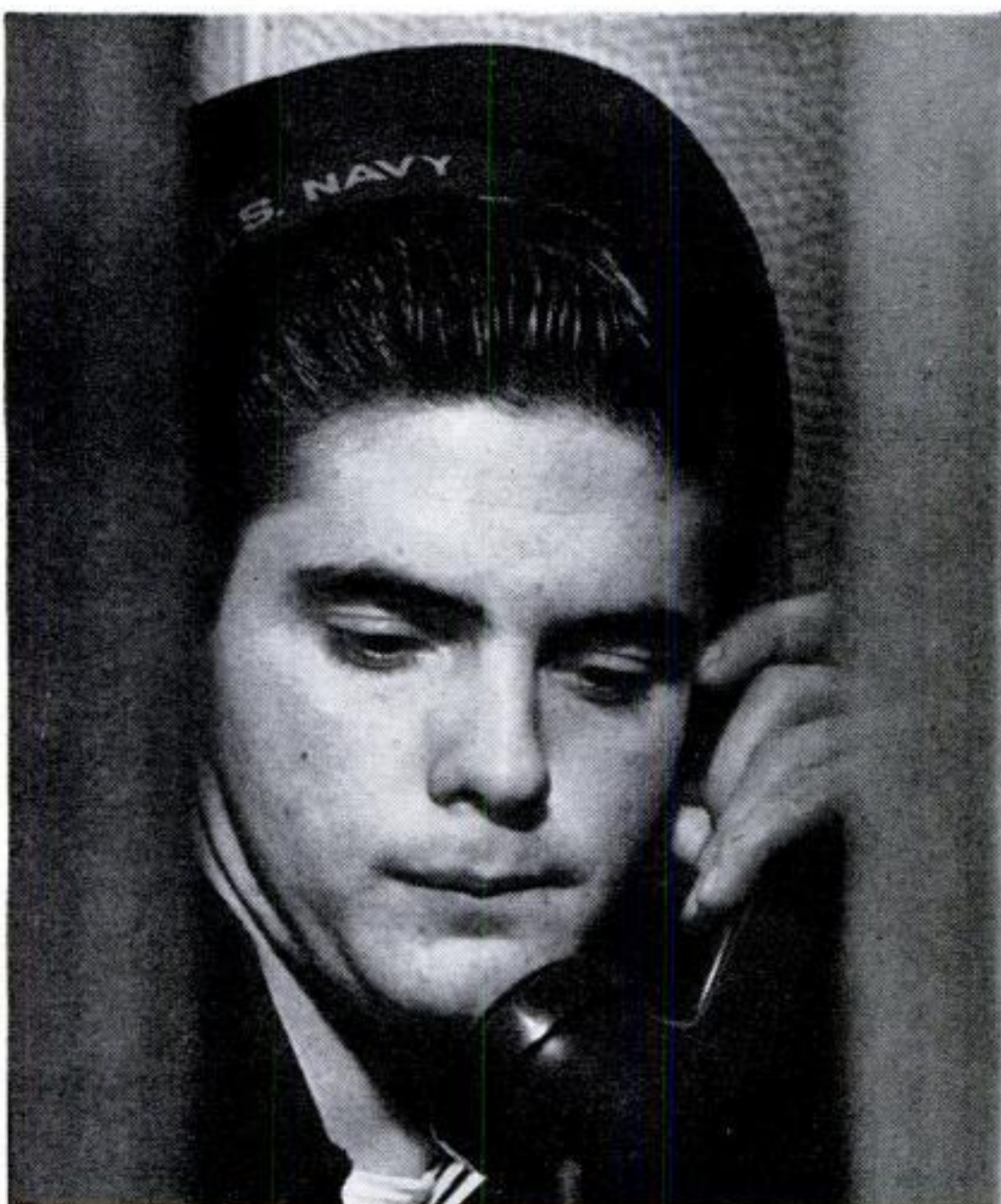
Thoughtfulness pervades Sgt. George R. Kost, who has not been able to get home for months, as he talks to brother in Pittsburgh.



Faraway look comes into eyes of S 1/c Arthur Maynard, North Brookfield, Mass., calling his girl in Worcester.



Fond look covers the face of Pvt. Philip Schwab as he hears his 2-year-old son in Chicago tell him, "I love you, daddy."



Quizzical look quirks the mouth of RM 3/c Robert Detrich while he tells his girl in Washington, N. J. how he finds New York City.



Wistfulness lengthens the face of Pvt. James R. Lewis while he talks with his wife Ruth back in Centralia, Mo.



Jocularly floods MoMM 2/c Howard McKenzie as he chats with his sister-in-law back at his home in Spartanburg, S. C.



Paternal pride comes over S 1/c G. S. Moffatt as 4-year-old son in Kenton, Tenn. talks about the last time his father left home.



Seriousness stamps itself on S 2/c A. M. Knight's features during conversation with his wife in Atlanta, Ga.

PIPE TYPES by REA IRVIN



THE HUMBLE HUSBAND. His wife complains his pipe smells like a rubber factory on fire, so he steals each puff in secrecy. If he'd start smoking Briggs, he'd not only discover a wife-

saving aroma, but rare flavor that tickles his taste! That's because Briggs gets YEARS of aging in oaken casks—*extra-aging* for extra mildness and flavor. Try Briggs—*yourself!*



BRIGGS

CASK-MELLOWED

*Extra Long for
Extra Flavor*

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G.I. Phone Center (continued)



Waiting servicemen look out over Times Square. Outside at left is New York Times building. Across street is Rialto Theatre. The center is busiest from 6 to 10:30 p.m.



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THE
INVASION
WITH AN
EXTRA
WAR BOND

IRON GLUE

MENDS FURNITURE

Easy to use. No mixing. Also mends toys, models, wood, china, glass, leather, 'most anything. Sold 'most everywhere—10¢ bottles or larger sizes from ¼-pint up. McCormick & Co., Inc., Baltimore-2, Md.



AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



weekdays and all day Sunday. Operators often get home-town police to drive a serviceman's telephone-less parents to the nearest instrument so he may talk with them.

"A+" on every report

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Spur
CANADA DRY
Spur
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You have seen these Newsmakers in **LIFE**



JOHNSTON KAISER LAWRENCE NIMITZ G. I. JOE VANDERGRIFT

HEAR THEIR VOICES

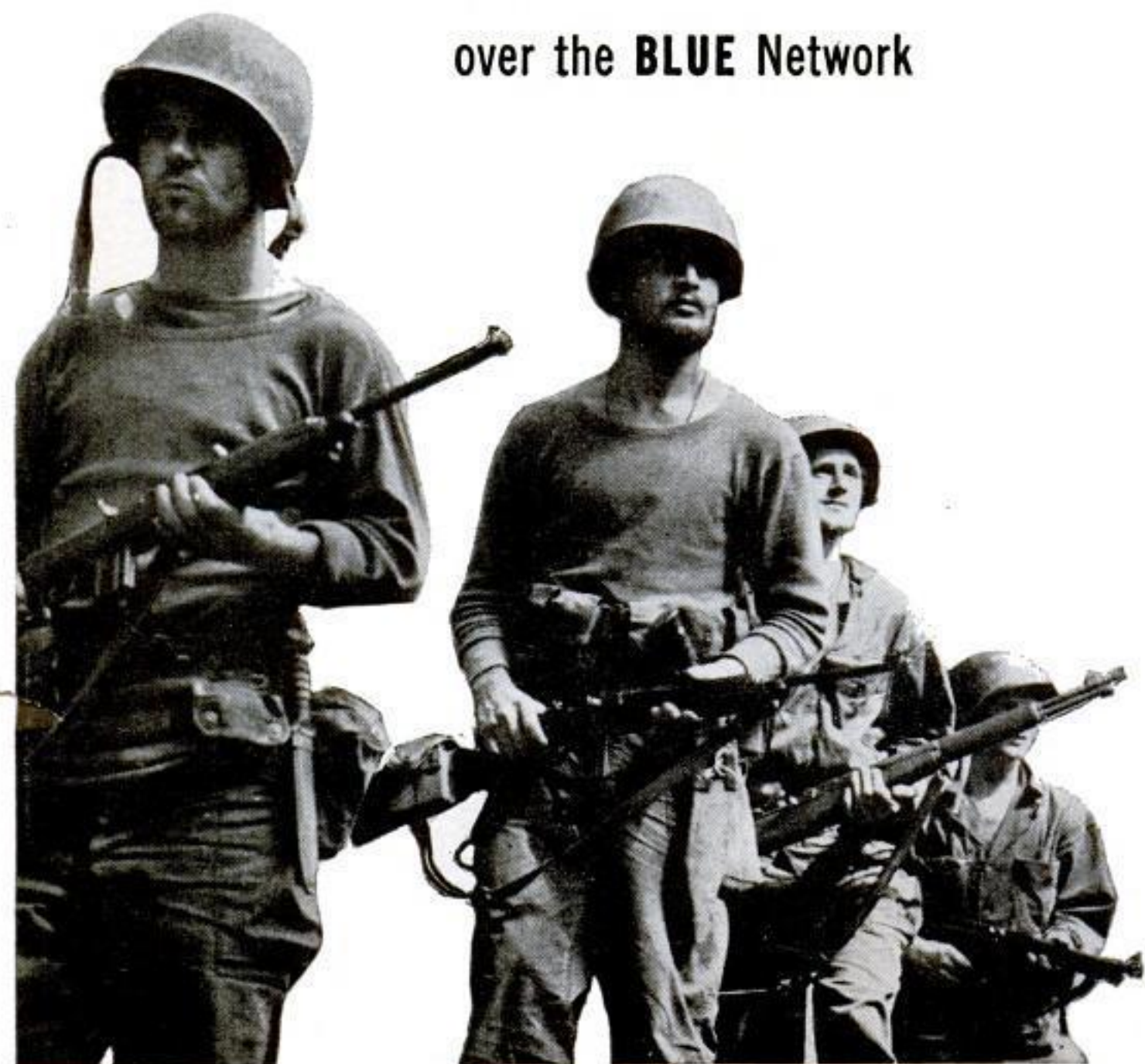
as they describe the news
they help to make



TUNE IN ON The MARCH of TIME

ON THE AIR
EVERY THURSDAY

10:30 P. M. Eastern War Time
over the **BLUE** Network



LIFE'S MISCELLANY

ANGNA ENTERS DOES A COUCH DANCE

Angna Enters, famous dancer who paints and writes best-selling books, has a unique dance in her repertory. She performs it while lying on a couch and never during the dance's five minutes does she get up from the couch. She lies there, writhing gracefully and waving her hands expressively and accompanying herself with soft cymbal clashes. The dance is called *Odalisque* and was inspired by visit Miss Enters once made to a Mohammedan harem.



ENTERS AS HOURI DROWSES PEACEFULLY ON HER COUCH AS DANCE BEGINS



SHE AWAKENS AND BEGINS TO PLAY THE TINY CYMBALS IN HER RIGHT HAND



LANGUIDLY SHE RISES TO WELCOME THE HUSBAND SHE HOPES WILL BE THERE



AND FAILING TO FIND HIM, SHE ONCE AGAIN LOSES HERSELF IN DEEP SLUMBER

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... may I urge you to hold on to
all the War Bonds you buy.

I.W. Harper



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
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I.W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

A soldier's dream...even to the Camels!

COMING TRUE...

exactly as he dreamed it...and no reveille to shatter the dream. The old room just as he left it...and the deep soft bed with sheets...the sunlight streaming in through the wide welcoming windows...and Mom at the door with a smile brighter even than that sunlight, and a breakfast tray complete even to a deep red rose. Complete even to the pack of Camels. Leave it to Mom, she just never forgets anything a fellow likes...

And a fellow—millions of millions of fellows like Camels best among all cigarettes. That's true in the service all down the line. And in civil life too. War or peace, Camel is still Camel!

So give your throat a chance to judge Camel's mildness, coolness, kindness. Give your taste a chance to sample the rich, full, mellow flavor. Try Camels in your own T-Zone—T for taste, T for throat—the best proving ground for cigarettes.



With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

First in the Service



R. J. Reynolds
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Camels

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